

THE

SIGN



A · NATIONAL · CATHOLIC · MAGAZINE



Vol. II No. 5

DECEMBER, 1931

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Passionist Chinese Mission Society

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THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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SEASONAL TOPICS

WE have always felt that there was an intimate personal association between *THE SIGN* and its readers. Without their help we could never have built up our circulation or provided for the needs of our missionary Priests and Sisters in China. To all, and especially to the Bishops and Priests who so generously gave us permission to address their people, we offer a most sincere and affectionate wish for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

■ ■ ■

FROM Mr. Richard Reid, who edits *The Bulletin*, the official organ of the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia, and is carrying on such a wonderful apostolate in the South, comes this encouraging note:

"It occurred to me that you might not see the inclosed editorial on *THE SIGN* from *The Holy Cross Purple*, published by the Jesuit College up in Worcester, and I am taking the liberty of sending it to you.

"*THE SIGN* is attracting more favorable attention for its progress than any other Catholic magazine with which I am familiar, and I feel a glow of pride every time some one of our contemporaries substantiates my judgment by remarking on its excellence."

■ ■ ■

THE editorial from *The Holy Cross Purple* (and the Editorial Board has our thanks) follows:

"Last June we expressed an editorial wish for a Catholic magazine modelled after some of the nationally known non-sectarian publications. Our wish has been fulfilled, thanks to the energy of the Passionist Fathers who publish *THE SIGN* at Union City, New Jersey.

"*THE SIGN* is the most enjoyable Catholic magazine we have yet perused. Its August number was the culmination of a long series of improvements in format and content, and subsequent issues have preserved a high literary standard. We find Chesterton, Theodore Maynard, Belloc, and Enid Dinnis appearing regularly in its pages, along with many other capable and brilliant authors.

"Great praise goes to the editor and to his associates for the splendid work they are doing to give Catholics in this country a first-class magazine of their own. *THE SIGN* is eminently readable, the kind of magazine that doesn't go down cellar with the wrapper intact."

■ ■ ■

WE are indebted to Mr. Albert Doyle for sending us this clipping from an editorial that recently appeared in the *Brockton (Mass.) Daily Enterprise*:

"In its department of comments *THE SIGN*, a national Catholic magazine of exceptional literary merit, has a unique feature in its "Toasts Within the Month." These offer congratulations to individuals, governments, publications or people, irrespective of race or creed, who have done something praiseworthy. That's a fine idea. There is too much belittling, too much singling out of faults and too few pats on the back for the other fellow as we make our brief pilgrimage from this life to some other. We like the idea so much that we propose to adopt it, in its essence, for this column."

■ ■ ■

AS Christmas approaches we are all thinking about the presents we are to make. In spite of the Depression we shall have to keep up the custom of gift-giving. May I suggest that we make this a book Christmas. To give a good book is to pay a compliment to one's own intelligence as well as to that of the receiver. May I further suggest that you give certain books. There are three masterly character-studies by Hilaire Belloc: "Wolsey"—the man of action; "Richelieu," the man of intelligence and will; "Cranmer," the intermediate figure between these two, whose effect was in the third field, that of literary excellence. Then we have the fine works of Enid Dinnis, the great master of the unique Catholic short story. It's rather sad that her books have a larger sale among non-Catholics than in the household of the Faith. And then there is that splendid book, "The Great Magdalens," in which Dr. Hugh F. Blunt delineates the amazing transformation wrought in some women of history who were notorious at one period of their lives for moral lapses. The prices of these books will be found under Notes on New Books in this issue, pages 306 to 308. And may I still further suggest that an all-the-year-round gift is a subscription to *THE SIGN*. Subscribe for your friends. A beautifully printed card sent out by us will notify them of your gift.

■ ■ ■

AND, speaking of gifts, may I say just a word about the needs of our missionaries in China. Their district, the Province of Hunan, has been disastrously afflicted by the recent floods that destroyed the humble homes of some of the very poorest of God's children whose pitiable condition is one of utter destitution even to actual starvation. We have much poverty at home; but poverty here has not the same meaning as it has in China. If you can spare just a small offering for these poor souls it will be more than appreciated.

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

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CURRENT FACT *and* COMMENT

ON October 12, the five Provincial Superiors of the Society of Jesus in Spain addressed a petition, which was marked by calm dignity and Christian resignation, to the Constitutional Cortes.

The Jesuits in Spain

The petition could be as appropriately and justly made by the other Religious Orders in Spain. In fact, it states their case completely. As the document has not appeared to our knowledge in either the religious or secular press of the United States, we think it advisable to reproduce it herewith in its entirety.

■ ■ ■

WE, the undersigned, Provincials of the Society of Jesus in Spanish territory, apply to the Cortes with a petition, which will be acknowledged by everyone as just and called for by the circumstances.

Submit to the New Regime

From the time that the Republic came into being, the Society of Jesus, following the direction of the Holy See and the example of the Spanish prelates, showed its submission to the new régime, being ready to go on with the religious, civilizing and charitable work proper to its Institute, for the good, peace and prosperity of the Spanish nation.

Other Religious Orders have conducted themselves in a like manner; nevertheless, a battle against all of them has been waged by the Press, at numerous political meetings, and now in Parliament. We considered it an honour to be persecuted along with all the other Religious Orders; but now that we are singled out for the punishment of dissolution and confiscation, we regard it as our duty to break a silence which could be interpreted as due to fear of bringing into clearer light the accusations made against us.

■ ■ ■

WHILE, therefore, we express to Spain and her parliament our grief at the propaganda which aims at exciting against us the hatred of the noble Spanish people, we ask also not to be condemned without a hearing.

As Spaniards and as Jesuits

As Spaniards we have all the rights that the new Constitution, which is now being formulated, gives to all Spaniards. We are members of honorable families; our relatives have not forfeited the right to defend our just claim to life and honour; nor can we consent that their names, which we continue to bear, should be defamed by such a punishment. The application recently made to

the Government by the Committees of Relatives of Religious proves that there is still a bond which unites us to them.

As Jesuits, we belong to an association which is especially connected with Spain, because its Founder was a Spaniard, who fell wounded when fighting for Spain. The most notable of his first companions were also Spaniards. The history of the Society during the four centuries of its existence is inseparable from the Peninsular and Colonial history of Spain.

We owe our property partly to the economy of our way of life and to inheritances and gifts from our relatives, and partly to the generosity of private persons or associations who provide us with funds for the charitable institutions entrusted to our direction. Those founders and benefactors have the right to expect that the State will respect, and make others respect, their wishes. How has the Society of Jesus fulfilled this trust? We will not answer for ourselves, but we put before Parliament the obvious facts.

■ ■ ■

WHAT are the accusations which are made by the authors of the anti-Jesuit propaganda? They are but the old, vague accusations, so many times repeated and so many times refuted in past centuries, full of lies and calumnies.

Vague Accusations Repeated and Refuted

Parliament has the means of knowing the truth, because we have acted openly. Let it ask those hundreds of thousands who have studied in our colleges, who have made retreats with us, who have heard our sermons and our lectures, who have formed part of our Sodalties, who have read our writings, who have entered our houses to deal intimately with us. But if these witnesses are supposed to be partial, let it also ask our enemies; but they must be required to prove the facts they assert. The Society of Jesus, as a moral person, cannot lawfully be punished if there is no concrete, grievous and corporate crime proved and established against it.

■ ■ ■

TO these vague accusations we oppose two definite affirmations:

(1) We have entered the Society of Jesus because we

Two Definite Affirmations

have all judged it to be holy in itself, as well as useful to humanity and to Spain. Not only have Popes proclaimed its holiness hundreds of times, but also leaders of different governments, men of science, universities, courts of Justice, and whole

nations have given us their approval. At present the Society of Jesus is established, and its work is not interfered with but enjoys widespread approval, in Austria, Belgium, the British Isles, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Lithuania, Poland, Roumania, and Yugoslavia, in every British Dominion, in all the republics of North and South America, in the pagan empires of Asia, and in the colonies of Africa and Australasia. It is necessary to point out that the Society of Jesus is spread over the world under such different forms of government, because it has been foolishly affirmed that the Society of Jesus is incompatible with the republican form of government. It works well under the monarchies of England, Italy, Belgium and Holland; and under the republics of Austria, Germany, and all the nations of the New World. Moreover, in the republic of the U. S. A. the Society of Jesus is making greater advances than anywhere else, having there 59 educational establishments with 60,000 alumni.

"(2) We affirm that our work for religious, cultural and charitable objects in Spain is manifest; it is set forth in the pamphlet which we enclose with this letter.

"IF it is judged that we are in error, or that we have carefully concealed the crimes that are imputed to us, let it be proved before the competent authority.

Justice Asked Not Privileges

"The absolutist Charles the Third was able in 1763 to promulgate that 'incredible decree' (as Menéndez y Pelayo says) in which, 'on account of motives reserved in his royal breast,' he expelled from Spain four or five thousand Jesuits without any inquiry at all. Today no democratic authority will wish to stain itself by despotically trampling under foot the most elementary rights of man.

"We do not ask for privileges; we ask for a fair hearing, as is the right of every citizen and every association.

"But if we are expelled from our home by a momentary blind rashness, like our ancestors once exiled to Italian coasts, we will all forgive your injustice, pray to God for our enemies, and with resignation emigrate to other countries, bearing always in our hearts, and manifesting in our unceasing activities, our love for our dear homeland, Spain.

(Signed)

"ANTONIO REVUELTO, *Provincial of Andalucía.*

"JOSE MARIA MURRALL, " " *Aragón.*

"SEVERINO ARCONA, " " *Castilla.*

"ENRIQUE CARVAJAL, " " *León.*

"ANTONIO MEDINA, " " *Toledo.*"

IT is going on fourteen years since a Federal education bill, known as the Smith-Towner, was introduced into Congress. It proposed to invest Congress with absolute control of local schools, this control to be enforced by the grant or denial of funds from the national treasury.

The Dangers of Federal Education

Despite the fact that the bill had the backing of the National Education Association and the Masons of the Southern Jurisdiction it never got beyond the hearings of the Congressional committees to which it was submitted. President Hoover in May, 1929, appointed the National Advisory Committee on Education to make a study of the relations of the Federal Government to education as now conducted under State control.

The study in the form of a report to the Secretary of

the Interior has just been made public. It recommends the creation of a new Federal department with a Secretary of Education who would be a cabinet member but with none but advisory powers. The recommendation would be met with general approval were it not for two difficulties.

The first is that it would be another invasion of State rights. And this difficulty is not overcome by the Committee's "local autonomy" as a guiding principle.

Secondly, the Department of Education headed by a Cabinet member would immediately become a political plaything or worse. In the words of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University: With the "mad fanaticism, intolerance and bigotry exhibited in the Presidential campaign in 1928 still in mind, one hesitates to think what would happen if a Secretary of Education representative of those powerful but discreditable traits were to find himself in the President's Cabinet."

THE Catholic Association for International Peace has issued a statement on disarmament. It is based on the letter of Pope Pius XI addressed to the Bishops of the world in which he exhorted them "with all the means at your disposal, both by preaching and the Press, you seek to illumine minds and to open hearts on this matter according to the solid dictates of right reason and of the Christian law."

American Catholics and International Peace

The Association's statement needs no enlarging or comment:

"The leading statesmen of the world have, with practically unanimous voice, declared that the limitation of armaments, popularly called 'disarmament,' is the most vital political problem of this generation. The President of the United States has stated that of all the proposals for economic rehabilitation he knows of none that compares in necessity or importance with the successful result of the coming disarmament conference. The governments of the great powers are weighed down by their armaments more than ever before and would welcome relief from the burden.

"Until recently the race for armaments had been pretty generally ignored as a cause of the present 'extraordinary crisis,' to use Pius XI's words again. Men did not seem to realize that the billions of dollars annually spent on monstrous armies and navies might have provided the necessities of life for millions of the unemployed or might have been expended upon beneficent public works such as hospitals for the moneyless sick or decent dwellings for the homeless. The bounden duty of the nations to disburse the public funds through such works of genuine charity, rather than to squander them upon instruments of mutual slaughter, is too plain to require more than the barest mention.

"The meeting of the governments in Geneva next February presents an opportunity to reduce armaments the world over. The peoples of the world, overburdened during these years of burdens by the tremendous cost of the machinery of war, will turn towards this meeting in the hope that it will reduce all round the costs of war preparation and that in a mutual goodwill it will advance the general cause of world peace. If this conference succeeds, it will be because of a growth in the mutual confidence of the nations that they need not dread war soon.

"Yet in the process of seeking progressive world disarmament the American people will more and more hear the appeal of nations that demand a guarantee of the security of what they hold as their vital interests. The American people will meet more and more the demand for international consultation and cooperation in the

face of the fears of many of the countries that should they reduce their arms they will be attacked by nations more advantageously situated.

"Each nation proclaims that its armaments are intended only for defensive purposes, that it has no designs upon its neighbors but that it must be prepared against the danger of attack by others. But as the attack can only come from another state which is itself asserting its desire to disarm if it were not for its own need of protection, the excuse seems somewhat paradoxical. The nations seem caught within a vicious circle; each arms against the other and the resulting competition merely adds to mutual suspicion of each other's motives; each alleges defense as its object and transfers to some other nation the designs of aggression without which defense is meaningless.

"Some reduction of armaments is possible even in the face of these fears. Clearly the limitation of armaments can proceed only by degrees; and as each successive reduction is made it is reasonable to hope for a greater degree of confidence between the nations which in turn may make the next reduction easier. Yet disarmament is finally bound up with mutual confidence in international security.

"The two ideals of peace and justice are correlative and each is a condition of the attainment of the other. What the world must come to see is that a settlement by some form of conciliation or arbitration is infinitely to be preferred to war, that existing wrongs should find a hearing and redress be obtained before a common forum of the nations, that national security should be guaranteed by that concerted action of one and all against the aggressor, and that the individual welfare of each State is closely related to the welfare of other States. Then disarmament conferences will consist not in a struggle over ratios but in a decision how each may use its limited forces to uphold the authority of the community as a whole.

"It is an elementary moral principle that obligations are in proportion to capacity. The United States is in a position to do more toward reduction of world armaments than any other nation, perhaps more than all other nations combined. Our country is uniquely powerful, industrially, financially and politically. It is morally obliged to use these resources of leadership. In the second place, our nation is in a position to set the example of reduction with less risk than faces any other nation. We are in less danger and less likelihood of armed attack. Hence our obligation is exceptional in its depth and urgency.

"The duty of American Catholics to promote disarmament, 'according to the solid dictates of right reason and of the Christian law,' is now beyond question, or hesitation, or controversy. They have before their eyes the authoritative judgment and the binding command of the Vicar of Christ."

■ ■ ■

THESE seems to be justification for the fear that the League of Nations is incapable of solving the Chinese-Japan dispute in regard to Manchuria. Some have even accused the League of trying to "pass the buck" to the United States. While we are not members of the League, we cannot, of course, go back

The League and the Manchurian Situation

on the fact that we are the sponsor of and signatory to the Nine Power Treaty and the Kellogg Peace Pact, and that, in consequence, our voice should carry some weight with the members of the League's Council.

The question is, however, one that immediately concerns the League. Can it enforce the peace of the world? Its efforts to bring about a settlement of the Manchurian

dispute has not thus far been successful. There is still a possibility that Japan may accept the League's terms of peace before the time-limit has been reached. At the present writing it is rather improbable that the League will gain its purpose by an economic blockade against Japan. The situation is threatening. If the League is helpless to prevent war its future is imperilled and that will be the beginning of worse calamities.

■ ■ ■

WILLIAM JOSEPH SIMMONS, founder and former Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, has been a much misunderstood man. He was never opposed to Catholics,

Jews and Negroes. We know the truth now, because he himself has told us. He further informs us that his one purpose, to which he so un-

Now Comes The White Band

selfishly devoted himself, was to keep the United States out of the League of Nations. Instead of ever having been their enemy, he has always been the loyal friend of Catholics and Jews particularly. And to show his love he now invites them to join his new organization, to wit: The White Band. The purpose of this society is to fight "Black Radicalism, Red Communism, Yellow Intrigue and White Asinine Folly." We are not much intrigued by the Black or Red or Yellow, but somehow that "White Asinine Folly" appeals to us, especially in view of the fact that the White Band has already built up a membership of 350,000 who are quietly forming new groups. We must not question the purity of the Wizard's unselfish motives, but still . . . the times are hard and cash is scarce!

■ ■ ■

TO the Most Reverend Edward J. Hanna, D. D., Archbishop of San Francisco, on his being awarded the American Hebrew medal for 1931 for the promotion of better understanding between

Toasts Within the Month

Christians and Jews in America. § To Compton MacKenzie, author and convert, on his election to the

Rectorship of Glasgow University—the first Catholic to hold the office in modern times. § To Louis D. Brandeis, Associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, on his seventy-fifth birthday. § To the Clerics of St. Viator on the centenary of their foundation. § To the officers of the Bell Telephone Company of New Jersey on their resolution not to reduce the number of their employees and to hire as many cripples as possible. § To the Most Reverend John Gregory Murray, D. D., on his promotion from Portland, Me., to the See of St. Paul. § To the great-hearted people of New York City on their raising \$18,000,000 for the relief of the unemployed. § To the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia on the brilliant success of its sixteenth annual convention. § To Father William J. Rafter on completing twenty years of personal service to the down-and-outs of the Bowery. § To Father Julius A. Nieuwland, C. S. C., professor of chemistry at Notre Dame University, whose discoveries led to the development of a new synthetic rubber. § To Sister Modesta Ravassa who, having contracted leprosy while serving in the leper colony at Contractation, Colombia, has submitted her disease-tortured body as an experimental field to assist physicians in their search for a cure or a means of lessening the pain of persons afflicted with the dread malady. When she entered the colony she said: "I desire to pass all my life among these unhappy ones, and, if the terrible leprosy should strike me, I pray the Lord to leave my hands whole to work and my face free from the disease so as not to inspire disgust in anyone." Her prayer has been granted.

CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

MY SAINTS

MORE and more the things of the spirit are invading the daily press. Marie L. Eglinton contributes these verses to The New York Times:

My saints have not forgotten me; 'tis I
Who fall from grace, forgetting all they've taught.
Their gifts are still my treasure, though I've caught
So little sense of use, for all I try.

Not far away in haloed, splendid calm,
And ignorant of all my needs and aims,
Their knowledge sees, and never coldly blames;
Perhaps, at times, awards a mystic palm.

When my poor effort wins, unknown to me,
Some slender triumph for the spread of Light,
Or adds a little to the strength of Right.
How can it harm me to believe they see?

My saints, I think, need nothing I can give,
And yet my heart is full of thanks and praise
For all they did to beautify my days,
Oh, that their beauty in my life might live!

OUR LORD'S FIVE WOUNDS

J. A. B. is a regular contributor of interesting papers to The Church Times of London. We feel that the beauty of this quotation may excuse its length:

The portrayal of the Five Sacred Wounds in the Hands and Feet and Side is a comparatively ancient and common way of expressing devotion to the Passion of our Blessed Lord. I suppose that, strictly speaking, the Five Wounds are symbols of the Passion rather than instruments of it.

It must be regarded as a token of old English devotion to the Five Wounds that these symbols are to be found carved or painted in many old churches. Thus, in the Church of St. Nicholas at Sidmouth the Five Wounds are represented in painted glass, and above each emblem is a little crown. Beneath the Hands are the words, "*Wel of Wisdom*," "*Wel of Mercy*"; beneath the Feet, "*Wel of Grace*" and "*Wel of Ghostly Comfort*"; and, under the Heart, "*Wel of Everlasting Life*." Further, the popularity of the devotion is shown by the fact that the leaders and followers of the Pilgrimage of Grace in 1536 adopted the symbol of the Five Wounds as their badge. And, furthermore, it is affirmed that a very old swear-word, which crops up in various dialects, like *zounds*, *zoons*, *zouns*, is an abbreviation of "*'Swounds*," or "*God's Wounds*."

I have said that the devotion to the Passion, and all the details associated with it, was undoubtedly intensely stimulated by St. Francis and his followers, whose attention was drawn to the Passion very forcibly by the Crusades. Certainly, it was from the thirteenth century that realistic crucifixes began to be made, and the devotion to the Five Wounds began to appear. Since that time many devotions have grown up around them; there is now assigned to them a special Mass and Office, and special Rosaries are arranged for devotions connected with them.

We can never think of the five wounds without calling to mind that wonderful flower, which we call the Passion Flower, but which in some countries is called the

Flower of the Five Wounds. The five anthers represent the Five Wounds. The triple style the three nails, the column of the scourging is shown by the central part of the flower, the filaments represent the Crown of Thorns, while the calyx is the nimbus. The leaf is in shape like a spear-head, the tendrils symbolize the whips and scourge, and the blue and white colour the beauty and purity of Heaven. The life of this lovely flower is only for three days, thus symbolizing the three days during which the Body of our Lord laid in the Tomb. I saw Passion Flowers growing in profusion last summer in God's Acre in a beautiful Quantock village. I wish I could see them now, but I must be content with my humble Calvary Clover, which, I hope, will be in its glory on Good Friday.

With the devotion to the Five Wounds there is, of course, associated the great mystery of the *stigmata*, "*Ego enim stigmata Domini Jesu in corpore meo porto*"—"For I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus" (Galatians vi. 17). What were these brands of which St. Paul speaks? St. Paul undoubtedly bore many permanent marks in his body of the persecution he had undergone for our Lord's sake; and many kinds of people, in St. Paul's day, were branded for different reasons. Sometimes domestic slaves, sometimes slaves attached to some temple, and captives might be branded, and soldiers might be branded with the name of their commander. The brands of which St. Paul speaks are things in which he glories, but there can be no authoritative reason for thinking that he bore the *stigmata* in the sense in which St. Francis bore them. St. Paul's words have been applied to St. Francis, as we should expect; but there is no historical proof that the *stigmata* of St. Paul were the Five Wounds such as St. Francis received.

The story of St. Francis is so well known that one need not repeat it here. One memorable night have I spent at La Verna, and knelt in the Chapel of the Stigmata, in which is the stone upon which the Seraph rested, and upon it is the inscription "Here, O Lord, didst Thou sign Thy servant Francis." It is, I think, one of the most wonderful and holy places of this earth. For myself, I simply believe it, and, whatever explanations may be given of other *stigmata*, I cannot doubt that St. Francis did bear in his feet and hands and side the very marks of the Passion of our Lord.

There is no instance of the receiving of the *stigmata*, prior to St. Francis, if we omit the case of St. Paul. St. Catherine of Siena had, we believe, visible *stigmata* which she received at Pisa, but she prayed that they might be made invisible, and her prayer was heard. There are, it is said, three hundred and twenty-one authoritative instances of persons who have received the *stigmata*. About forty of these are men, and there are twenty-nine recorded instances in the nineteenth century.

Many prayers and devotions of all kinds have been adapted to the contemplation of those "Glorious scars, the dear tokens of His Passion, which still His dazzling body bears."

ST. CHRISTOPHER AND IRISH COPS

A "WISE" young man is ready with an explanation. From The Living Church:

Percy Sylvester Malone, in his always interesting "column" of Gargoyles in the *Churchman*, quotes Shake-

speare and the Bible on the automobile and modern traffic problems. Reminds us of the conversation we heard a few weeks ago in the narthex of a church in which a preaching mission was being held. A young lady picked up a St. Christopher medal from a table at which various religious articles were on sale, and asked what it was for. Before the clerk could answer, a wise young man who had overheard her inquiry interrupted: "Why, don't you know? You put that on the front of your car so the Irish traffic cops will let you through when you get in a jam!"

ODDITIES EXCERPTED FROM "TIME"

CONSCIENCE

IN Nashville, Tenn., William L. Cherry forged three checks in 1917, was sentenced to 3-to-15 years in prison. Forty-one days later he escaped. His conscience uneasy, he enlisted in the army, hoping his finger prints would be recognized. They were not, so William L. Cherry hoped for death. He was wounded 22 times, decorated for bravery. Still hoping for capture but afraid to surrender, he joined the San Francisco police force, quit to become a guard at San Quentin prison. He married, was divorced. Last week he gave himself up in Cincinnati, said the act had brought him his first peaceful sleep in 14 years.

DUEL

IN Hartford, Ala., Police Chief J. C. Roney and ex-Mayor J. H. Radford had disliked each other for years. One morning a road-scraping machine went into operation directly in front of the ex-mayor's house, put the ex-mayor into a frightful humor, sent him hurrying to the police chief to demand that the nuisance cease. The police chief put his left hand on the ex-mayor's shoulder, the ex-mayor put his left hand on the police chief's shoulder; with their right hands they drew pistols, shot each other to death.

BULL

IN London, a bullock was slaughtered, in its stomach found: seven pounds of nails, several pieces of copper wire, a silver brooch, a shoe buckle, a rubber boot and a derby hat. The bullock was pronounced healthy, its steaks tender.

WARNING

IN a Manhattan police station, policemen listening to a radio heard Commissioner Mulrooney declare: "Homicides resulting from lovers' quarrels cannot be prevented by the police." Two shots sounded half a block from the station house. The policemen ran to the spot, found two lovers dead on the sidewalk.

SNEEZE

NEAR Ogden, Utah, Fireman Ollie Lance of Union Pacific's No. 19 sneezed. No. 19 came to a sudden, sickening halt. Out piled the train crew, out piled the passengers, to search the tracks until they found Fireman Ollie Lance's lost false teeth.

HORSESHOE

IN San Francisco, Leo V. Dowling slashed his wrists and throat, but failed to commit suicide. Recovering in a hospital he received a large horseshoe of flowers with a card on which was written: "Better luck next time." Leo V. Dowling gasped, died.

INCONVENIENCE

IN Brooklyn, Rex R. Fairbanks, 29, was hailed by a young woman in a roadster, asked the way to Park Plaza. The young woman also invited him for a ride, emphasized the invitation with a pistol. In Prospect Park she made Rex R. Fairbanks strip to his underclothes, get out. From one police station to another went Rex R. Fairbanks, in underclothes and hat, unable, for lack of definite police jurisdiction, to find sympathy or help in recovering the money, watch and ring he had lost with his clothes. Finally he went home. In the morning the police wrote him a note: "Sorry for inconvenience you were caused."

BOX

IN Scranton, Pa., Magician Huber the Great entertained theatre audiences by getting into a box, letting them nail the box shut, getting out of the box. One night Huber the Great failed to emerge. Anxious spectators broke open the box, found Huber the Great unconscious, nailed fast to the box.

MAN

IN a jail at Blackpool, England, Frank Sheridan ate his breakfast, then ate his spoon. Still hungry, he tore the chain and staple from his cell door and ate them too. Satisfied, Prisoner Sheridan lay down, went to sleep.

SOMETHING TO SHAKE AT BEGGARS

SOME sidelights on the uses of the walking-stick are given in this editorial from the Sun of New York:

A Washington attorney put himself into an awkward situation when he brought out the fact that the man who was suing his clients on an assault charge swings a stick on his strolls through the parks of the capital. "And, gentleman of the jury," added the attorney, "you can't trust a man who carries a cane." It turned out that the Judge and one of the jurors are inveterate cane carriers, and the attorney had to do some ingenious hedging. The owner of a New York stick and umbrella store reports that canes are more popular in the metropolis than they used to be; straight, shiny ones with silver tops for evening use are the best sellers.

The pilgrims of the Middle Ages carried stout staffs instead of sticks. These staffs were useful not only in supporting weary limbs but also served to break the heads of belligerent wayfarers. Each had in its upper part a hollow tube for small treasures and coins. In such a tube, it is said, the first head of saffron was smuggled into England from Greece when to take the living plant out of the country was forbidden on pain of death; the silkworm was conveyed into Europe in a similar way.

The ferula or staff of fennel wood was one of the earliest supports used by elderly persons, because it was long, tough and light. The designation of "cane" so generally used in this country originated in the Orient, where hollow palms and bamboos were naturally used for walking sticks. Pope's Sir Plume prided himself on the nice conduct of his clouded cane, while Gay celebrated in verse the strong cane and the amber-tipped cane. Henry VIII. had one cane "garnished with sylver and gilte, with Astronomie upon it," and another "garnished with golde, having a perfume in the toppe." Ancient Egyptian walking sticks made of cherry wood, with carved knobs, have been discovered. Comedy canes having heads carved in the grinning likenesses of Punch, Merry Andrew and Toby Fillpot still can be found in the shops. U. D. Mathews, of Madison, Nebraska, collector of canes, has more than 160 on display in his home.

A globe trotter was standing at the bar of a tavern in a tropic land when a young and handsome Fijian walked

in. "Didn't I leave my walking stick here?" he said. "Jove, I'd hate to lose it. It's not the intrinsic value of the thing, but the principle of forgetting it in a pub!" This stickler for the conventions was Ratu Pope Senilole, grandson of the cannibal King Cakobau, who strangled his father's five wives.

A COLUMN FROM "LIFE"

A WELL known St. Louis golfer is asking divorce, charging desertion. We understand he has looked everywhere for his wife—even at home.

A MEDICAL report shows insanity is decreasing. This may be due to the fact that many persons who were considered crazy several years ago are now able to smile and say "I told you so."

ILLINOIS auto license plates for 1932 will be orange and blue, the colors of the state university. They were chosen in preference to black and blue, the colors of the state's pedestrians.

A MICHIGAN couple who named their fourteenth child "Tinis" about two years ago were recently blessed with twins.

We suggest that the twins be christened "Post" and "Script."

REPORTED engaged to an actress he met on a vacation journey, James Stillman said, "Getting married is not my idea of a holiday." There is an old maxim about marrying in haste and repenting at work.

At a garage fire in Philadelphia more than 200 autos burned. Many families lost everything they had.

An eminent British biologist says our bodies are but peripatetic breweries. If this reaches the "Timid Soul" he'll starve for fear of being padlocked.

"You spend thirty thousand bucks to equip a speaker? Why, your fixtures shouldn't have cost more than six hundred!"

"I know. But it wasn't the fixtures; it was the fixings!"

"GENERALS will fight the next war simply by pushing buttons," says a writer. Wasn't that how they fought the last one?

THE drive against New York gangsters is having some success. Many of the gangsters are so scared they are shooting only grown bystanders.

ATLANTIC CITY police refused to interfere with Mae West's new play "The Constant Sinner." We understand Miss West will appeal.

"CIVILIZATION is under construction," says an editorial. Many of us have noticed that we proceed at our own risk.

SEVERAL Hollywood assistant directors have been imported from Russia. Wonder if they have a five-year plan.

CUI BONO?

THERE is humor as well as commonsense in the leaflet sent to its investors by the Fidelity Investment Association of Wheeling, W. Va.:

"CUI BONO?" WHICH, FREELY TRANSLATED, MEANS
"WHAT GOOD DOES IT DO?"

Only a little while ago we were a nation with bulging wallets that opened irregularly, but often. The world called us history's greatest spenders, which we were. But finally our lavishness got us into trouble, so, of course, we went to the other extreme. Having had a good scare thrown into us, we stopped spending almost altogether—and what was the result?

Prosperity back-fired. Money in circulation became quite a novelty. Hip pockets ceased to bulge with fat billfolds. Money went into seclusion, yawned, and fell fast asleep.

What good is this sleeping money doing anyone? Not a bit. Yet, if it were put to work—only a part of it, even—the business machine now starting to show some sign of life would soon be in good order again. Full prosperity wouldn't come back in the twinkling of an eye, but its return would be speeded.

If you, like millions of others in America, have money lying idle anywhere, Fidelity urges you to put it back to work. Be sure that your reserves are adequate, that you have sufficient money at work in Fidelity, but above that, keep your money busy bringing you the good things money buys.

Reckless spending and needless buying must be guarded against, but wise buying should be encouraged. Your dollar will bring you, today, more of the necessities that make life possible, and more of the luxuries that make it agreeable, than at any time in the last fifteen years.

It's a record buyers' market for folks with money to spend, which includes those foresighted persons who are now maturing Fidelity contracts.

AS THE NEWSPAPERS SEE IT

The reason the nations have not yet agreed enough is because they still have a greed too much.—*Norfolk-Virginian-Pilot*.

According to treasury statements, there is too much red in the red, white, and blue.—*American Lumberman (Chicago)*.

The passenger used to worry about catching a train. Nowadays it's the train that worries about catching a passenger.—*Virginian-Pilot*.

There is always a tie between father and son, declares a Southern Rotarian. Probably. And if there is, it's a safe bet that son's wearing it.—*Boston Herald*.

The price of civilization is insanity, according to one medical expert, who must have observed that nations that win a war these days have to pay the debts of the loser.—*Indianapolis News*.

We agree with M. Laval that the world needs a restoration of confidence, with mebbe a little less "con" in it than there was before.—*Boston Herald*.

Japan's little expansion scheme teaches us that preparedness includes having the right alibi.—*Toronto Star*.

It seems that Japan, in seeking new openings, will be unable to take advantage of the chinks in Manchuria.—*Weston Leader*.

American investments abroad total more than \$15,000,000,000. So, in minding its own affairs, the United States must be greatly interested in other countries.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

No doubt it would be a statesmanly scheme to cut the armies of the world in half, but it would be rather tough on that one in Denmark which consists of three men.—*Boston Herald*.

PORT' ERCOLE

By Gabriel Francis Powers

*The Second of Three Papers
on the Triad Towns
of Monte Argentaro*

MONTE ARGENTARO, toward the East, extends a long projection out into the laughing blue sea, and, at the extreme point of this arm of land, Port' Ercole gathers its ancient, small, massed houses which climb one above the other, and crowd together, up the side of the mountain. The little town shows its extreme antiquity, its archaism and its remoteness even now; and how much more it must have shown them two hundred years ago! For some inexplicable reason it is infinitely behind Orbetello and S. Stefano in development, but one must confess that this old worldliness is an integral part of its charm.

Its situation is marvelously beautiful, and the settlement has a certain air of wishing to leave its rocky background altogether and of plunging deliberately into the inviting waves beneath. To the south of the town Fort Stella spreads upon the hilltop, a Spanish construction, watching all approaches from the sea, and taking its name from its own form, which is that of a star. To the north of the town the promontory forms a long, crescent-shaped bay, and there the shipping finds a good harbor, especially when the violent "libeccio" blows, for it cannot reach the vessels sheltered by the high ridge. Again to the north of this bay, and looking straight east, like Port' Ercole, is the great castle-like stronghold of Fort Philip. This, too, was erected by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century and dominates all that lies in view.

THE town, squalid as it now is, was certainly once a port frequented by the fleets and merchant vessels of Rome, and it is no doubt to those days of antique prosperity and splendor that it owes its name, suggestive of strength in labor; a temple of the god perhaps crowning one of the points above the sea. But Port Hercules may go much further back than ancient Rome; for, just across the water from it, at a distance that a sail-boat covers easily in less than two hours, from the mainland of Italy, a solid mass of earth projects, and this, marked chiefly now by a tower called S. Pancrazio, offers to visitors and archaeologists so extraordinary a collection of immemorial remains that the learned have come to think that all the importance of the region lay amassed upon the continent and that Port' Ercole was only a station further out

to sea, dependent as it were upon the remarkable colony of the coast.

Scholars have given two names to the extensive ruins, and it would seem that either there were two centres or the one centre was known by two successive names: they are Cosa, well known to many Latin authors as *Cosa Vulcentum*, Cosa of the Volscians and, possibly later, An-



Cleft in the rock at Port' Ercole. It is popularly known as the Queen's Bath.

sedonia. In reality the Vulci, or Volsci, were a strong, warlike people of Latium, but apparently they were of Etruscan race and religion. Their strong city, Vulci, was at some thirty miles from the sea, and Cosa is believed to have been their port. It was situated on a pleasant hill where now the olive-trees abound, and it looked toward Port' Ercole across the stretch of blue water.

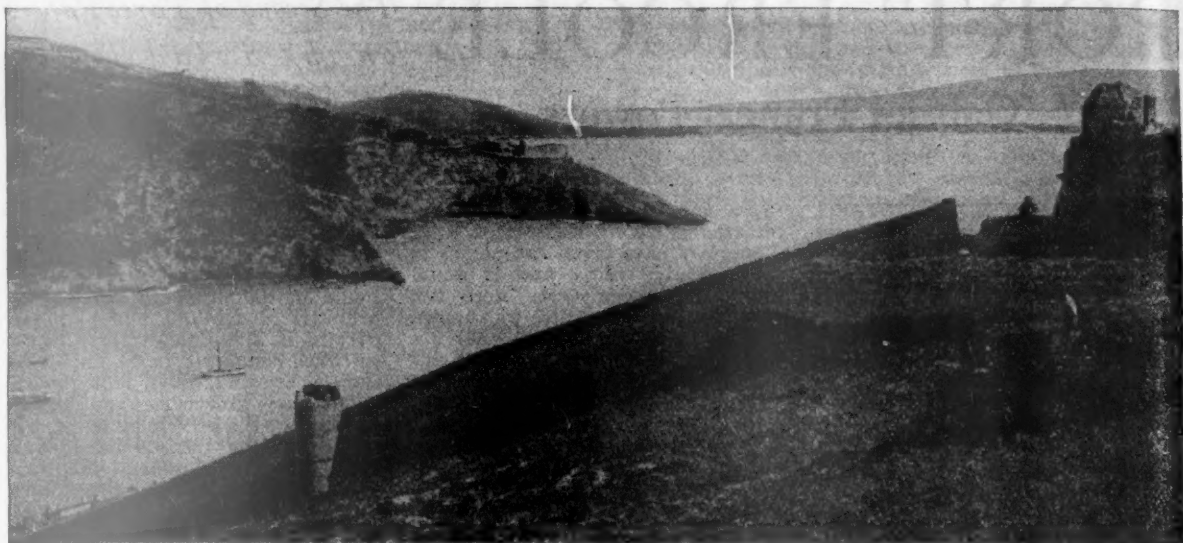
Later the Romans came and established a colony where the earlier peo-

ple had been and built their classic villas and temples round about the coast; but almost all the remnants of constructions and small objects, found in the earth, go back to the primitive occupation. The most important of these early works is the so-called *Tagliata Etrusca*, the Etruscan Cut or canal, which shows an extraordinary knowledge and understanding of the principles of hydraulic engineering and absolute genius in the solution of difficult problems, and it shows, too, how simple, even rudimentary, was the manner of labor.

At some distance inland is the lake of Burano (where S. Paul of the Cross once lost his way and wandered anxiously for hours), now reduced to low water and an abundance of peat; but apparently seven hundred years before the Christian era the lake was so full of water it constituted a menace, and the inhabitants of Cosa, probably to save themselves from inundations, were obliged to invent a way of carrying off the surplus. They made the Cut or emissary, and every bit of it is hewed out of solid rock by plain chiseling, as the traces of the scalpels show, taking the fullness from the lake and carrying the water to a point where it flowed into the sea.

This point was learnedly chosen, for a natural parapet of rock rising opposite the mouth of the channel prevents the sand and seaweed from obstructing the aperture, and the Cut is in full efficiency and has not needed repairs from 700 B. C. to our own day. Experts often come to examine the wonder, but a child can see at a glance what has been done. (So at least it seems to our ignorance.) As a matter of fact the thing is not so simple. The authorities caused another channel to be made, on the same plan and with the breakwater opposite, and after ten years of labor and heavy expense the channel very soon became obstructed with the fluctuating sand and was found to be useless for its purpose.

Another of the marvellous accomplishments of that civilization of long ago is the so-called "Queen's Bath," a popular name, invented to satisfy the imagination of the curious and a title which somehow satisfies the enquiring mind, especially if it is of a fanciful turn. This is another passage to the sea, beginning near the ruins described as "the palace" and consisting in parts of a gallery cut



Panorama of the walls of St. Catherine's Fort and view over the sea and coast-line of Italy looking South.

out of the solid rock with chisels, but in part by deep natural clefts of the high cliffs, between which the water flows in from the sea, gleaming like jewels, and the whole course is fantastic and unreal, though made of almost indestructible elements. In places dark, in places lighted by a narrow fissure of blue, rarely by a gleam of filtered sunlight; and the inlets of water take on extraordinary colors, the flashing blue of sapphires, the pure green of emeralds and a certain quality that is dazzling and electric in brilliancy.

The passage is continuous and widens into natural grotts upon the shore and open sea. Was it indeed a queen's bath? The explanation is not unnatural, and it is not difficult to conjure up in thought the group of the royal women and their attendants, superb in their splendor, which was borrowed from the Orient, and with such sweet and gracious faces as the effigies on the Etruscan tombs have preserved for us, moving in the alternate light and gloom of these cavernous places and across their haunting mystery, in the continuous, hidden passage from the palace to the sea. It was very long ago that these ancient peoples lived and were happy in their homes upon the hill.

WE seem to have reached modern times when we come to the remnants of Roman construction, great walls and cisterns, and find the name of Augustus associated with the locality in A. D. 26. And then, though history offers no positive data, we take notice of the medieval towers added to what was classic and can draw the conclusion offhand that, about twelve or thirteen hundred either warlike knights or peaceful monks had fortified the ancient structures and established them-

selves in castle or Abbey where once Cosa of the Vulcians or Ansedonia, fair of name and aspect, lay between the olive groves and the sea. But to return to Port' Ercole, which is our subject.

WE have seen that Paul Daneo, about the twenty-seventh year of his age, having been to Rome in the vain hope of obtaining the approval of the Holy See upon his Rule, returned to Mount Argentaro and approached the mount from the southeast. This brought him directly to Port' Ercole, and the Saint, going immediately, as was his wont, to the church to adore the Blessed Sacrament, there met the Archpriest, Don Antonio Serra, a most worthy ecclesiastic, who willingly brought the young stranger so obviously of holy and austere life into his presbytery and kindly and hospitably entertained him.

The traveler manifested his desire to retire into the fastnesses of the mountain to pray and to do penance, and Don Antonio, full of sympathy and understanding, suggested that just above the town, near the top of the hill, there was an abandoned hermitage, which had once belonged to the Augustinians and where he thought the solitary would be quiet and undisturbed. Paul set out immediately to reconnoitre, and a poor cleric gave him part of a loaf to take with him on the way. A long difficult ascent brought him to the tiny refuge, which consisted of one room and a small rustic chapel, all ruined and desolate, but where an ancient picture of the Annunciation still halloed the spot.

Paul was satisfied: poverty, solitude, a great silence, utter remoteness and the presence, though but in image, of the holy Mother of God. A few late bunches of grapes hung

upon the dilapidated pergola near the deserted house, and these, with the bit of bread, supplied his wants for two or three days. He then resolved to go to Sovana to obtain the consent of the Bishop and returned again to spend about two months in profound solitude upon the mountain.

He was certainly not insensible to the extraordinary beauty of his surroundings, but everything came to him as a message of God. October is one of the most enchanting months of the year at Argentaro, and the songs of the birds in the thickets around him delighted the hermit, but he said: "They invite us to praise God." The bugles and drums from the forts round about reached the high, silent spot, and the soul of the Saint answered: "How much these men-of-arms do to preserve the four walls of a material stronghold! And how much more we should do to keep the fortress of our spirit soul."

At length he began to be lonely, or, to be more exact, he was haunted by the thought of his brother, his closest friend and associate, and he kept remembering John Baptist's parting words: "You can go where you like, and you can do as you like, but you will never be happy without me." It was a cruel prophecy, and one fine day Paul came down the steep path, convinced that it was the will of God he should bring John Baptist to live with him in his solitude. The junior brother received the habit of penance from the hands of the Bishop of Alexandria, and the two men then waited together until the winter snows were over.

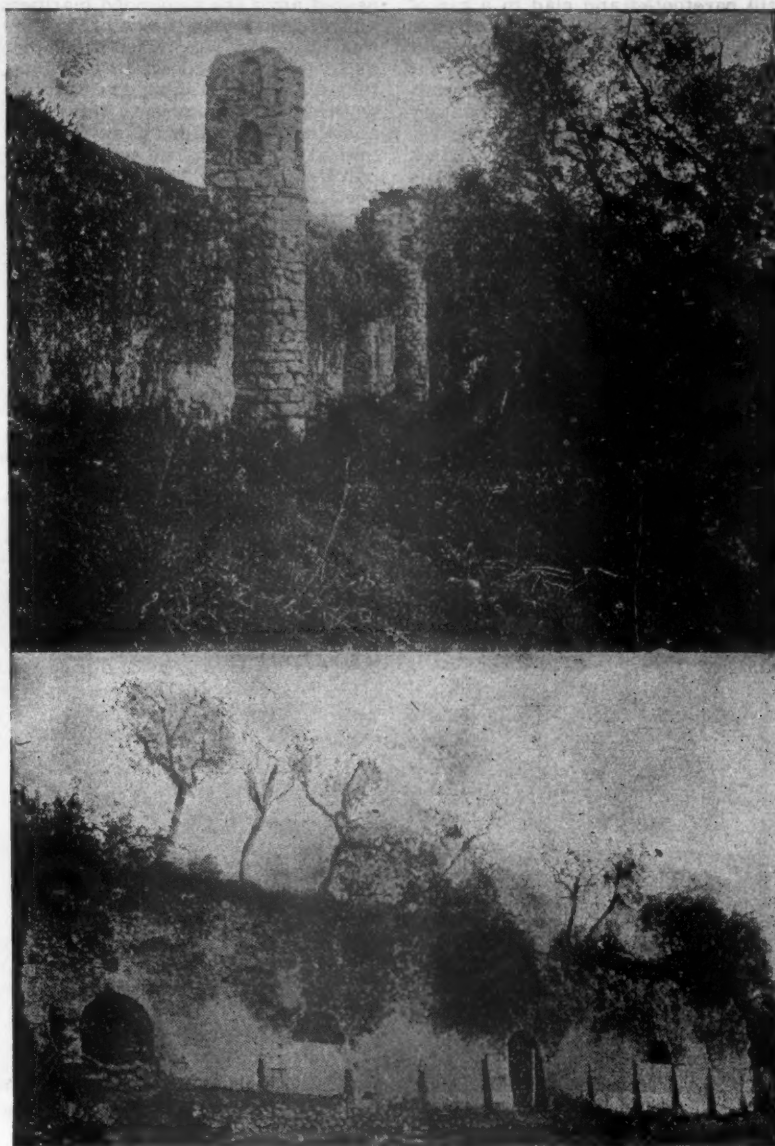
We have said how, on the first Sunday in Lent, when they heard the Gospel read of Our Saviour being "led by the spirit into the desert,"

they set forth upon their long journey. First to Genoa on foot, then by ship to Civitavecchia, then the irksome quarantine and then on foot again over the wide, desolate Maremma, by plain, wood and swamp. Port' Ercole and Holy Communion on Maundy Thursday; then a few days' rest with the good Archpriest, one more journey to obtain the blessing of the Bishop of Sovana, and then at length the holy brothers were able to ascend in peace to their place of abode.

THEY spent the day in prayer, reading, contemplation and the exercises of penance. In the night they rose again to pray. In fact, they observed the Passionist Rule in all its rigor without the mitigations, and they were but slight, which the wisdom of Rome later enjoined. Furthermore, they were altogether without food and subsisted on roots and wild fruit until heaven inspired that good woman in Orbetello to send them a sack of beans. Another benefactor presently began to send them alms of bread; but, like the birds of their woods, they depended almost solely on divine Providence. For holy Mass and the Sacraments they came down to Port' Ercole, which was the nearest church, and Don Antonio soon invited them to teach Catechism and give instructions to his flock and was able to see with his own eyes the admirable results obtained. Paul especially explained the Word of God with a simplicity, clearness and unction which held his listeners entranced and which not only enlightened their mind, but attracted them strongly to the love and service of so good a God. And as his own soul was full of an impassioned remembrance of the sufferings of the God Man for our Redemption, he inculcated the same devotion and grateful tenderness upon his listeners. The whole population was gradually permeated with the thought of Jesus Crucified and sanctified in the same.

When the Bishop came to the town for his pastoral visitation, the Archpriest spoke to him of the labors of the hermits and of their most austere life, and, profoundly edified himself by their aspect of extreme poverty, humility and recollection, the prelate begged the brothers to continue their good work and to preach to the people in preparation for the Paschal solemnities. But the name and fame of the solitaries of Argentaro was being carried much further than the limits of the Mount and especially by the seafarers of the locality, who, plying up and down the coast and to the islands of the Tuscan archipelago, made the rare virtues and the eloquence of one in particular known to all those with whom they came in contact.

Only too soon the brothers were



Roman Ruins, of the first century, at Port' Ercole. Above: A Medieval Tower added to the original classic structure.

summoned by the Bishop of Gaeta to preach in his diocese, and from thence they went to Rome for the Jubilee of 1725, returning to the Eternal City again in 1726 to take up their residence at the Hospital of S. Gallicano. They were not to remain there long, but assuredly the sojourn was a part of the Divine plan, for the Cardinal Protector, realizing their immense power for good, ordered the brothers to study in preparation for Holy Orders, and what Paul Daneo might have refused out of humility was imposed upon him by obedience. He was ordained a Priest, together with John Baptist, in the basilica of S. Peter in Rome and by the very hands of the Sovereign Pontiff in June, 1727.

His days at S. Gallicano were numbered, for the Saint felt that he was not in his true vocation, and, obstacles which he found insurmountable having arisen, he took the way back on foot to his sure refuge, the place of his undying affection and attachment, the Mount crouching in green and silver upon the sea. And again the brothers came to Port' Ercole, ancient, archaic, massing its poor houses between the hill and the sea. Nets and strings of red peppers are extended in the sun, and the waterfront is redolent of pitch, tar and fish. The Archpriest greeted the returning wanderers with enthusiasm, and in him and in the devoted population there was now a new reverence, for the hermits had come back,

still barefooted and clad in a rag of penitential black, but priests of God.

They were bound for their ancient abode near the mountain top, but Don Antonio gave them the unwelcome tidings that another solitary had established himself at the retreat during their absence. They went up nevertheless and begged the stranger to allow them to share the tiny residence, but he not only refused, driving them away with abuse, but warned them that he simply would not suffer their presence at any point on the Mount. Prudence was a characteristic virtue of Paul, and before the insolent overbearing of the new hermit the brothers withdrew. They decided to go back home to Castellazzo, and without wasting time they directed their steps toward the north shore of Argentaro to

peared amid the astounded mariners and declared that it was because he was on board the vessel would not move. He stepped on to the quay, followed by his brother, and instantly the sails responded to the breeze and the prow inclined in swift course toward the open. The solitaires had had their lesson. They went back to Port' Ercole, and the Archpriest urged them to try settling at Sant' Antonio, another tumble-down shack which had been a hermitage, more in the direction of Orbetello and where they would also have a chapel to say Mass. They were glad of the suggestion and went to seek the place.

It is there still, on a ridge, a miserable little house that lurches forward and which the Daneos found with a broken roof that let in the

ashamed the thin soup of beans or the broken bit of stale bread which was the only refecton the utter poverty of the house could offer. Port' Ercole was still the hermits' parish, and Father Paul would go down every Saturday evening, generally spending the night in the church in adoring prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, celebrating Holy Mass at dawn and then attending in the confessional for hours to the spiritual needs of the congregation. In the afternoon he would give instruction by means of Catechism classes and familiar religious discourses, returning to the Mount at dusk. Father John Baptist performed the same duties at Porto S. Stefano, so that the entire population was evangelized and maintained in good by the ministrations of the two holy hermits.



General view of the Town of Port' Ercole and its Bay. On top of the hill is the old Spanish Fort.

Porto Santo Stefano, where they were sure of finding some embarkation for Genoa.

THIS third city of the triad of the Mount is famous for its port and fisheries and commands a small fleet of merchant and fishing vessels. The brothers learned that three ships were about to sail, and they agreed with the master of one of them to give them transportation to Genoa and went on board at the appointed time. But while the two other ships got away easily and caught the wind immediately, the one upon which the Saint was refused to budge. The sailors were completely mystified and tried, by using poles and ropes, to move the big hull from the wharf, but all their efforts proved vain.

Then Father Paul, who had gone below deck and was praying, ap-

peared and invaded by rats. The chapel was in a state of complete devastation, but they decided nevertheless to make the best of it and to remain at S. Antonio and proceeded at once to clean and put in order the ruined oratory. They occupied it for close on four years. Here their first companions came to them, here they received innumerable visits of penitents, sinners, benefactors and pious souls seeking counsel and guidance, and from this humblest of abodes the great missionary Saint went out on his peregrinations throughout Italy, carrying the fire and thunder of God's justice and the tender consolations of His mercy.

To this wretched hovel he would come back, exhausted, for brief halting spaces of rest, and his simplicity and charity were so great that he would place before visitors un-

BUT the days of quiet were not to last forever. In fact, the threat of war and the anxiety caused by the presence of invading armies were soon to burst upon the peninsula. The Spaniards landed upon those very coasts and, no doubt realizing the importance of the so-called State of the Forts, endeavored to make themselves masters of the five castles. We find S. Paul writing to Agnes Grazi that he cannot come to Orbetello; her letter has taken a week to reach him. Then, after an interval, he says he has not been able to write at all on account of the "rumors" or "noises of war." And all the time one guesses, across the penned lines, what was going on and he did not say.

A gallant boy of fifteen, the Infante Don Carlos, has landed in Italy to press his mother's claim to her fa-



The Hermitage of the Annunciation, originally built by the Hermits of St. Augustine, where St. Paul of the Cross first dwelt on Monte Argentaro. It is now a farmhouse. The long portion of the building is new. The small portion with the single window and the lean-to is all that existed when the Saint lived there.

ther's dukedom of Parma and Placenza at the head of five thousand Spanish lances. The Marquis de Montemar, his Commander-in-chief, is bringing guns toward Argentaro and Orbetello. The hermits are on the point of being driven from their retreat, but somehow the wave passes and they are left. The Austrian garrisons have entrenched themselves in the forts round about Port' Ercole, heroic almost useless resistance, and Montemar, unable for the moment to approach Orbetello of the lagoon, orders the army of attack under the Marquis De Las Minas to invade Monte Argentaro and to take Port' Ercole.

It is not so easy to do, and for twenty-nine days the Spaniards occupy the heights of Argentaro in their siege of the town and still more of the forts that command the sea. Finally on Easter Sunday, the 16th of April, a well directed bomb blows up the powder-magazine, and in the tremendous havoc of the catastrophe

the Spanish troops rush down and capture the strongholds and Port' Ercole. There remains but Orbetello to conquer now, and of that phase we have spoken already. But when the Spanish officers entered Port' Ercole the thing that struck them most was the intensely religious character of the population. It amazed them, and more than one remarked: "This is the most pious town we have ever been in."

Perhaps later on they grew to understand. The town was indeed pious, and more than pious: it had been for several years under the direction of a Saint, and, before long, the Spanish officers themselves and the men under them were to learn to know the Solitary of Mount Argentaro. In the missions he gave them many turned whole-heartedly to God and began to lead lives of holiness, their General at once placing himself under the guidance of the Saint and learning from him how to sanctify his daily life by the meditation of the Passion.

After St. Paul moved to the Retreat of the Presentation he became more bound up in the interests of Orbetello, but he always preserved his affection and gratitude to the little town which had first given him welcome and kindness in the early days, and several miracles which he obtained from heaven in favor of its inhabitants are still remembered. On one occasion the grapes were hanging ripe for the vintage in all the gardens and plantations round about Port' Ercole when a sudden violent storm gathered over the Mount.

THE people ran in terror to Father Paul asking him to protect their poor possessions, and the Saint, raising his missionary's Crucifix toward the black sky, made the Sign of the Cross with it over the vineyards. The hurricane broke with appalling crashes, and the hail beat down with such force that it threshed the leaves from the stocks; but when the desolate people went out to ascertain the extent of their losses they found the



San Antonio. Another Hermitage of the Augustinians. St. Paul of the Cross lived here for several years. From here he went to his great missions, and here received his first companions.

luscious grapes hanging upon the vines intact, although not a leaf remained. The miracle was unquestionable.

The Saint always listened patiently to the stories of the lowly, for whom he felt great compassion, and he was stopped one day on the seashore by the master of a fishing boat, who begged him for a blessing to "turn

his luck." For months now he had caught nothing, and his nets came in not only empty but torn. Furthermore, he had had to make debts to feed his crew, and he did not know what was to become of him and his unfortunate family. Father Paul knelt down and recited the Litany of Loretto, one of his favorite prayers; he blessed the sea with his Crucifix,

exhorting the man to have confidence, as God would certainly not abandon him, then he went his way, and the fisherman, full of a new courage, put out his boat and nets. He made so enormous a haul that his affairs were put in order at once, and a magnificent basket of fish went up to the hermitage to testify his gratitude to his benefactor.

MARY laid them away carefully in the chest Joseph had made to hold their linen and their few treasures. The frankincense, whose fragrance came even through the crystal flask in which it lay stored. The shining gold, wrapped in fringed linen. The myrrh, bitter-odored, packed in translucent alabaster. Carefully she stored them, while Joseph watched her and the child in his arms put out one small hand to catch at the shining metal.

Before she covered it with a bit of cloth Mary held up to Him the alabaster box that His eyes might see the lovely iridescence. But the child turned away suddenly and held close to Joseph, crying, His little fists clutching the broad shoulders.

MARY looked troubled. "The myrrh hath the thought of death," she said. "I should not have shown it to Him, I thought but of the lovely colors and not the contents. Do thou keep Him, Joseph for a moment till I can take Him and comfort Him."

But before she had laid the things fairly in the chest Joseph had stopped the crying by bobbing before the Baby Carpenter curls from the work bench, and when Mary took Him smiles were shining through the tears in the brown eyes.

The years sped along in the little house in Nazareth. The Child was twelve years old now, and the family was preparing to make its yearly journey to Jerusalem. Joseph and Jesus were finishing up their work at the bench, and Mary was busy preparing for the journey, taking from the chest the best tunics and cloaks. She came across the gifts of long ago, and as she sat for a moment looking at them the far-away came back to her—the dim stable, the richly-dressed men, herself and her Baby receiving them as though they had been the royal ones and the gorgeously caparisoned strangers their guests, their servants almost.

She caught up the frankincense in its quaint oriental flask, and it was in her hand when they went journeying to the great city. And as they went she told Jesus once again the story of that lovely star-filled night and of the wise men and their

The THREE GIFTS

By
Katherine Burton

gifts, and she let him carry the precious package for part of the way.

In the Temple they gave it to the priest and asked him to set it on an altar and light it to the honor of God and for the future of the Lad Who came with them to do here his duty to God. They stood and watched, all three of them, as the blue smoke curled up into the high columns and the sweetness of the odor filled the corner where they stood. It seemed to Mary like a family prayer, climbing to God to tell Him of their love for each other, telling Him that she and Joseph were guarding, as they had long guarded the gift of incense, this His greatest gift to them—His son.

"We have no incense such as this in the Temple," said the priest to Mary. "Whence have you this that I may procure some?"

But Mary shook her head. "That I cannot tell you. A turbaned stranger—a man from the East—gave it to us long ago. I have saved it for my Son to bring to the Temple as an offering."

Another year went its way. Joseph and Jesus were working one day to complete an order that would assure them of bread for a month to

come—a sudden order for two chests, copies of the one which the man had seen in the corner of Joseph's house. Jesus was measuring it inside and out, and when a square pointed package in one corner got in his way He pushed it to one side. The cloth in which it was wrapped slipped off and the shining metal came to view. Jesus covered it carefully again, for He knew His mother set great store by the gifts.

When the work was finished the man came to pay the carpenters and take away the finished products, and while he stood talking to Joseph of the drouth that threatened the towns about and of the ewe which he had lost the day before a shadow darkened the doorway. A tall beggar stood there and with him a smaller beggar—both ragged, both with the eyes of the poor who hope but do not expect.

"Off with you," shouted the man, "before we have you jailed. These vagrants," he complained to Joseph, "were we rid of them all we might fare better ourselves." And he pushed the man from the doorway so that he almost fell and himself departed with his chests.

JOSEPH shook his head at the cruelty of the one and the sadness of the others. He watched the two dragging away, the little one clinging fast to the big one's hand.

"There is not much here, Jesus, till your mother comes from the market and," he sighed, "not much then. But take two wheaten cakes from the table and run with them and tell the two they may have water from our jars and rest in the shadow of our house wall if they so desire."

But Jesus had stopped for a moment and taken something from the chest, and with the linen-wrapped parcel in one hand and the cakes in the other He ran to overtake the beggars.

"My father says you are welcome to water from our jars if you will come back and rest in the shadow while you eat these cakes. And this is from my mother and Me—a gift somebody gave us long ago."

The beggar unwrapped the package. The gold shone in his bewildered eyes. The child with him paid

it no attention, but snatched at a cake and gulped it down.

"Nay, nay," said the man; "shelter for a bit and a cake or two, but not this—they would think I stole it. And yet—if I could—this would give me back the chance to make my way in the world again—if I might borrow it for a while"—

But Jesus shook his head. "It was a gift," He repeated, "a gift to My mother and Me. You couldn't pay it back, but perhaps some day you could pay it to someone who needs it even as you do now."

The man looked at Joseph in the doorway. But Joseph only smiled at him and looked tenderly at his Boy. "It is as He says—it is His and His mother's. Take it—His mother would say so, too, were she here. And I recognize you now. I have heard of your losses, your honesty. Take it and perhaps, some day, as the Lad says—"

And so the first gift was put back into circulation as a prayer and the second as a man's future. There remained only the myrrh in the chest with the tunics and linens.

When Mary came home from the market with the oil and meal she, too, approved the giving. That evening as she was laying clean garments in the chest she looked up smiling. "It is as if the radiance of the gold and the lovely frankincense were still here," she said. "But only this remains," and she held up the alabaster box.

Over the face of Jesus came a troubled look, and His shoulders drooped suddenly, as if they felt a weight.

Mary saw it and let the box slip to the floor. "You are weary," she said to him. "You have worked too much today for a growing lad."

"He has," agreed Joseph. "It was to finish the chests, but now we may rest since they are done."

Jesus picked up the box and handed it to his mother. "Put it away again, mother, the very last of our gifts, until someone needs it too."

"The first gift went to God and the second to the poor. I wonder who will have the third," mused Mary.

"I wonder," said Her Son.

MANY years passed. The Son of Mary and Joseph was long gone from the bench where he had worked so faithfully at chests and tables. A strange thing had come to pass: the Lad had become, it was whispered in Nazareth, a Prophet and was preaching in places far away. He had come home once, but the town wouldn't stand for a wandering Prophet and Miracle Worker Who wanted to interpret the true prophets according to His own ideas, and they drove Him away. Now and then one heard of Him, and once a townsman who had been blind had come home seeing. Jesus, he claimed, had made him so.

But no one had been there to witness the miracle, so no one would believe it had happened.

Joseph was dead, and Mary had gone to be with her Son. The town was beginning to forget Him when news came of His crucifixion for being false to the law of Rome, for pretending to be a king. Jesus a king—ah, now they were sure they had been right; they had known He would come to some bad end.

Only the man who had long years ago been a beggar and whom the gift of gold had made again into a good citizen and a householder knew better. And so when his son—the little beggar whom Jesus had given the wheaten cake—had gone himself to follow the Nazarene he did not complain, though it left his home lonely. At last, he said to himself, the gift had been repaid.

BUT of these things Mary heard nothing, Mary, sitting in John's house heart-broken, alone. Gone the men who had said they loved her Son, run away to hide while His enemies achieved His death. No Joseph now to comfort her as he had done long ago when they fled together from cruel pursuit. This time there had come no dream to warn to flight, for this she knew was not a time of promise any more: it was a time of fulfillment.

There was pride in the heart of Mary, the pride of one who knew the greatness of the Son she had borne, but there was sorrow too—deepest sorrow of all—that of a mother whose only, dearest Son lies dead.

SHE heard the women near her making plans for the wrapping of the Master's body in linen and ointments, doing honor to the poor broken limbs that had been so straight and lissome.

"We have need of more myrrh," she heard one say. And that word broke into her sorrow and brought back suddenly a picture of the long ago—a series of pictures. Men in magnificent robes kneeling before her and her little Boy. A lovely odor, a sheen of metal in the boxes they held to Him. A great Temple where a boy stood watching blue incense float toward Heaven. The same Boy telling her of his gift of gold to the beggar—bidding her put away the myrrh till someone needed it.

"Wait," she called to the women. "This one gift He shall have for His own," and from the chest which she had brought with her from Nazareth she took a lustrous box.

"See that the wrappings about His heart are anointed with this," she bade them. "It was the gift of a king."

Tinkling Cymbal

By Frances Shannon

THY court was held for a single night,
Lord of the World,
King of Might.
They gave Thee a sceptre, a cloak, a crown;
They forgot to give Thee
A courtly clown,
A jester-clown, a motleyed fool;
And what is a court
Without its fool?

I would I could Thy jester be!
Motley and bells for me, for me!
A fool at the court, I'd suffer the scorn;
Bear the taunts that by Thee were borne;
Don as a jester's garb for Thee
The fabric fair of my sorrow's glee
Wove from the woof of humility.

Today, a bit of a test was mine,
To see how I'd jest as a fool of Thine.
A scathing word, disdainfully said—
And, (mea culpa I hang my head)
I forgot the pledge of yesterday;
I flung the cap and bells away!

O, Jesu Rex, let Thy jester see
What it means, a fool at Thy court to be.

SOME OLD CAROLS

By G. C. Heseltine

CAROLS come from the great Ages of the Faith when singing and dancing in church was quite common. Sometimes it was carried to excess and the ecclesiastical authorities had to restrain the revellings of the faithful within the sacred buildings. Many Bishops and at least three Councils of the Church, Toledo in 589, Auxerre soon after, and Avignon in 1299, found it necessary to deal with the matter. But carolling continued outside the church, and in a restrained and dignified way within. We read how the people sang carols round the crib, carols in which St. Joseph, Our Lady and the Infant Jesus held charming and sometimes amusing conversations. Later carols have become more restricted and they are now confined to simple hymns of joy for Christmas, though formerly there used to be Easter carols as well.

The word carol is much older than Christian times. It is believed to have been used by the ancient Druids to describe the religious dance performed within their great stone circular temples such as that at Stonehenge, near Salisbury, England. The word came to apply on occasion to the stone circle itself. Later on, it was applied to "ring" or "round" dances, and then to the song which was usually sung in accompaniment of the dances. Then the "song and dance" was called a carol, as we find it performed in the churches, as mentioned above. Sometimes again it came to apply to the feast or celebration at which carols were sung. But always carols were for celebrating a joyous occasion such as Easter or Christmas, though they are now confined to the latter.

Nearly every country in Europe has had its own particular form of carol and they are all very beautiful. They are spontaneous, simple songs, and the tunes were simple, natural and unaffected. Consequently they possessed the great charm of all pure simple things, as befits the occasion of celebrating the birth of Our Lord in such simplicity and purity. Homeliness is perhaps the best word for the chief characteristic of the old carols.

A very marked feature of the great number of old English carols is the intense devotion they express to Our Lady. Nearly every carol, certainly all the best carols, gave Our Lady central place. What is perhaps the most perfect little lyric in the English language is a carol from a medieval minstrel's song-book, written early in the fifteenth century, and bearing the name of John Bardel. Here it is:

I sing of a Maiden
That is makeles;¹
King of all Kings
To her Son she ches.²

He came all so still
Where His Mother was,
As dew in April
That falleth on the grass.

He came all so still
To His Mother's Bower,
As dew in April
That falleth on the flower.

¹Makeles—peerless, without equal.

²Ches—chose.

He came all so still
Where His Mother lay,
As dew in April
That falleth on the spray.

Mother and Maiden
Was never none but She;
Well may such a Lady
God's Mother be.

ONE form of carol, mentioned above, was the dialogue carol, in which St. Joseph and Our Lady hold a conversation, sometimes Our Lord joins in, as in the following, also from the XVth century:

"Ah, my dear! Ah, my dear Son!"
Said Mary: "Ah, my dear!"
Kiss Thy mother, Jesu,
With a laughing cheer!"

This enders night
I saw a sight
All in my sleep—
Mary, that maid,
She sang: "Lullay,"
And sore did weep.

To keep she sought
Full fast about
Her Son from cold.
Joseph said: "Wife,
My joy, my life,
Say what you would,

Nothing, my spouse,
Is in this house
Unto my pay;⁴
My Son, a King,
That made all thing,
Lieth in hay!"

"My Mother dear,
Amend your cheer,"
And now be still:
Thus for to lie
It is soothly
My Father's will.

Derision,
Great passion,
Infinitely—
As it is found—
Many a wound
Suffer shall I.

On Calvary
That is so high,
There shall I be,
Man to restore,
Nailed full sore
Upon a tree.

³Cheer—face.

⁴Unto my pay—to please me, to my liking.

⁵Amend your cheer—cheer up!

ONE of the most famous dialogue carols is the Cherry Tree Carol, containing a beautiful legend, where St. Joseph appears to rebuke Our Lady, as some have said Our Lord appeared to do at the marriage feast of Cana. In both cases a miracle followed. Here is the Cherry Tree carol according to one old version:

Joseph was an old man,
And an old man was he;
And he married Mary,
Queen of Galilee.

When Joseph was married,
And his cousin Mary got,
Mary proved big with Child
By whom Joseph knew not.

As Joseph and Mary
Walked through the garden gay,
Where the cherries did grow
Upon every tree,

O! then bespoke Mary
With words both meek and mild,
"Gather me some cherries, Joseph,
They run so in my mind;
Gather me some cherries,
For I am with Child!"

O! then bespoke Joseph,
With words most unkind,
"Let him gather thee cherries
That got thee with Child."

O! then bespoke Jesus,
All in His Mother's womb,
"Go to the tree Mary
And it shall bow down."

"Go to the tree Mary,
And it shall bow to thee,
The highest branch of all
Shall bow to Mary's knee!"

"And she shall get her cherries,
By one by two, by three."
"Now you shall see Joseph,
Those cherries were for me."

"O eat your cherries, Mary,
O eat your cherries now,
O eat your cherries Mary,
That grow upon the bough."

* * *

As Joseph was a walking,
He heard an angel sing—
"This night shall be born
Our heavenly King;

"He neither shall be born
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in an ox's stall.

"He neither shall be clothed
In purple nor in pall,
But all in fair linen,
As were babies all.

"He neither shall be rocked
In silver nor in gold
But in a wooden cradle
That rocks on the mould.

"He neither shall be christened
In white wine nor in red,
But with the spring water
With which we were christened."

Then Mary took her young Son,
And set Him on Her knee—
"I pray Thee, now, dear Child,
Tell how this world shall be?"

"This world shall be like
The stones in the street,
For the Sun and the Moon
Shall bow at Thy feet;

"And upon a Wednesday,
My vow I will make,
And upon Good Friday
My death I will take;

"And upon the third day
My uprising shall be,
And the Sun and the Moon
Shall rise up with Me."

THEN there were carols in the form of lullabies sung by Our Lady to Her Child. The women in the Coventry Carol, in the coventry Nativity Play, sang

Lully, lullay, Thou little tiny Child!
By by, lullay, lullay, Thou Little tiny Child!
By by, lully, lullay.

and the nuns of Chester in their famous carol sang:

Qui creavit coelum, lully, lully, lu
Nascitur in stabulo, byby, byby, by
Rex qui regit seculum, lully, lully, lu.

This lullaby carol is from a minstrel's songbook:

*Lullay, mine liking, my dear Son, my sweeting.
Lullay, my dear Heart, mine own dear Darling.*

I saw a fair maiden
Sitting and singing,
She lulled a little Child,
A sweet Lording.

That Lord eternal
That made every thing;
Of all Lords He is Lord,
Of all Kings, King.

There was a mickle melody
At that Child's birth,
All then were in heavenly bliss,
They made mickle mirth.

Angels bright, they sang that night
And said unto that Child:
"Blessed be Thou, and so be She
That is both meek and mild."

Pray we now unto that Child,
And to His Mother dear:
"Grant to them His blessing
That now are making cheer."

THE five joys or five sorrows of Our Lady were a favourite theme for the medieval carol and they were treated in various ways, as the following carol from a manuscript in Balliol College, Oxford, shows. Here Our

Lady is described as having joy at the Annunciation, at the Nativity, and then (which will appear strange to us) at the great sacrifice made by Our Lord for mankind, and at the visit of Our Lord to Limbo to release the saved, and finally at the Ascension:

Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay, Gaude celi domina.

Mary for the love of Thee
Blythe and glad may we be,
And I shall sing, as ye may see,
Tua quinque gaudia.

The first joy was sent to Thee
When Gabriel greeted Thee,
And said: "Hail Mary, in chastity!"
Officiaris gravida.

The second joy was full good
When Christ took both flesh and blood
Without sin, talking of mode,
Enixa est puerpera.

The third joy was of great might
When Jesu was on the Rood dight,
Dead and buried in all men's sight,
Surrexit die tertia.

The fourth joy was without aye
When Jesu to hell took the way
And with Him came a great array,
Ad caeli palacia.

The fifth joy was on Holy Thursday,
Unto Heaven He took the way
God and Man, and so He is for aye,
Ascendit super sidera.

THIS foregoing carol is an example of what the learned (in their usual crude, rude way) call the *macaroni* carol (because it is mixed), in which the Latin is interspersed with the English. Another beautiful example of this in honor of Our Lady comes from a manuscript in Trinity College, Cambridge, England.

There is no rose of such virtue
As is the Rose that bare Jesu.
Alleluia!

For in this Rose containèd was
Heaven and earth in little space
Res miranda!

By that Rose we may well see
There be one God in Persons three
Pares forma!

The angels sang the shepherds to
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Gaudeamus!

Leave we all this worldly mirth
And follow we this joyful birth,
Transeamus!

LEST we should think that all the carols were of the same pious order, we find one in John Bardel's song-book written early in the XVth century which welcomes to the revel all the saints whose feasts come within Christmas (for the feast of Christmas proper extended from Christmas Eve to Twelfth Night—Epiphany). It has a jolly pagan refrain (for Yule was a pagan festi-

val) "Welcome, Yule!" which was no doubt roared lustily in chorus:

*Welcome, Yule! thou merry man,
In worship of this holy day.*

Welcome be Thou, Heaven's King!
Welcome! born on one morning,
Welcome! for Whom we shall sing:
Welcome, Yule!

Welcome be ye, Stephen and John!
Welcome, Innocents everyone!
Welcome, Thomas, martyred one!
Welcome, Yule!

Welcome be ye, good New Year!
Welcome, Twelfth Day, both in fere,
Welcome, saints both lefe and dear!
Welcome, Yule!

Welcome be ye, Candlemas!
Welcome be ye, Queen of Bliss!
Welcome both to more and less!
Welcome, Yule!

Welcome be ye that are here!
Welcome all that make good cheer!
Welcome all another year!
Welcome, Yule!

THE medievals knew, too, how to reason and sober their great joy with a proper sadness, as in the carol above where Our Lady weeps as She struggles to wrap her Child warmly from the cold, and the last two verses foretell the Passion. Another carol describes how dark and dismal the world was before Our Lord came, and we can imagine the doleful tune which accompanied these doleful words. Yet there remains the essential expression of joy and gratitude implied in the words, which is indispensable to a true carol:

All that live in Christian lay,
Worship every Christmas Day.*

A man was the first guilt,
And therefore he was spilt;†
The prophecy was ne'er fulfilled,
Till on the Christmas Day,

The first day that Lily sprung,
(Jesu Christ be us among),
Ever we thought it was too long,
Till on the Christmas Day.

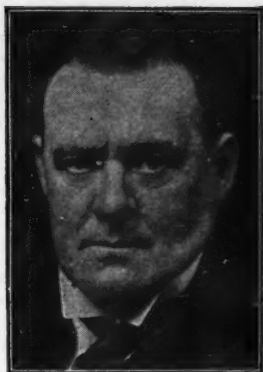
It was dark, it was dim,
For men that lived in great sin;
Lucifer was us all within,
Till on the Christmas Day.

There was weeping, there was woe,
For every man to hell did go,
It was little merry tho—
Till on the Christmas Day.

*Lay—creed.
†Spilt—spoilt.
*Tho—then.

MOST of the foregoing carols are transcribed direct from the actual medieval manuscripts. The spelling has been modernised in places to make the carols more easily readable and here and there a word has been replaced by its modern equivalent. Where such alterations would interfere with the rhyme or scansion, I have left the original word and inserted an explanatory note.

By
Hilaire
Belloc



THE BLESSED THOMAS MORE

The Fifth of Twelve Studies of Outstanding Characters in the English Reformation

THE portrait of the Blessed Thomas More, in any series dealing with the English Reformation, must differ in quality from any of the other portraits in this fashion: That it is the portrait of a medium through which we are enabled to understand what the English mind of that day was.

In other words, we do not, as in the case of Catherine of Aragon or Henry, Anne Boleyn, Cromwell, or any of the others, concern ourselves particularly with the external events of the man's life. They may be told briefly; they are easily summarized and they are universally known. He was born in the high and wealthy legal world of Catholic England, thirteen years before King Henry VIII. He inherited, and stepped naturally into, the greatest home and legal position. He abandoned them all and died for the Faith.

Not a Political Problem

THERE is no problem of a political nature attached to that famous name. There is no plot or intrigue. We have not to seek out and guess what was really at work in him by way of ambition or anything of that kind. What we can do, and what is of importance, is to understand what the man was interiorly, what kind of victory it was which he won, and how what he was, and the victory he won, explain the time.

The task is all the more necessary because, in a very subtle way but a very important one, the Blessed Thomas More is badly misunderstood; and through misunderstanding him we misunderstand the nature of the English Reformation itself as well as the peculiar and individual greatness of this individual martyr.

What I may call the conventional portrait of the man, the one which both Catholics and Protestants accept (for he is quite as much admired in the other camp as in ours) is something as follows:

"While most of England was following the lead of King Henry and cutting itself off from the unity of the Church, and while the country as a whole was going Protestant, a few men among the laity stood out for the old Catholic position. They would not listen to any talk of a breach with the Papacy, which they knew to be of Divine institution, and the very keystone of the Church. Therefore they boldly sacrificed

COULD Blessed Thomas More return to earth today he would note with that irony of which he was a master that his sacrifice would seem to have been in vain. Whether it was so or not only a distant future can tell. But this much is certain, that of all those, and they were many, who bore witness in the long two hundred years it took to root out their age-long religion from among the English, his would seem to have been the most complete passion for he had nothing whatever to uphold him except complete resolve. His was "Heroic Faith."

themselves rather than give way to the new claims of the lay State or admit Henry to be the supreme head of the Church or accept Protestant doctrine or admit that Anne Boleyn was queen, or that her child Elizabeth could legitimately become queen after her. Of these very few laymen who so stood out, the most distinguished was a great lawyer, a man of good birth, who had early acquired a great position at the Bar, and had become Lord Chancellor of England. He was also a great scholar, and eminent throughout Europe. But he laid down his life in the cause of the Church as against Protestantism, and on that account has been beatified and will presumably soon be canonized."

That, I say, is roughly the picture presented. Now the true picture tells us things far more profound and the character it presents is far more subtle, far more tempted, and far more an example of sanctity and martyrdom than so simple a summary would lead us to believe.

The external side of this conventional portrait is right enough. Thomas More was a great lawyer who had early achieved fame and fortune in his profession, had become Lord Chancellor of England, was eminent throughout Europe for his scholarship, a great international figure, and was put to death for refusing to deny a point of Catholic doctrine. What is wrong about it is the internal interpretation. Those who thus simplify the story, making it a plain scheme of black and white, do so either because they are insufficiently acquainted with the details of that career, or because the right emphasis is not laid in the right places by those from whom they have drawn their information. Further, the conventional portrait, which I have just sketched, implies a misunderstanding of the spirit abroad at the time of the English Reformation.

The True Portrait

THE whole point of the true story is twofold: 1. The great Martyr whom we venerate had all the intellectual and moral difficulties which attach to genius of his kind. 2. He acted alone. He was unsupported.

As to the first point: He had the temptations which beset the intellectual man, the sensitive scholar, the successful worldly figure. To these temptations he was in danger of yielding, and had partly yielded. He triumphed over them, and that in a fashion quite peculiar to himself. That is why he is so glorious, and that is why he is so great an example. Sir Thomas More was not simply a Catholic withstanding a movement towards Protestantism.

Had he been that he would have been like almost every other Englishman of his time. He was not simply a man determined on defending Catholic doctrine and boldly proclaiming it at all risks because it was his nature thus to challenge and to combat. Had he been of such a sort his victory over himself would have been far less than it was.

As to the second point: Let us note this all important matter, which is the very core of his great sacrifice: he acted in complete isolation, and he laid down his life for one small strict point of Catholic doctrine only; and, what is more, a point of doctrine on which he had himself long doubted. He was not supported by the military spirit, the combative energy which delights in challenge and in counter affirmation. He was not supported by any sympathy for himself even among his nearest. He was not supported by the nature of his own mind, which had been hesitant and, even in essential matters, changeable. He gave himself up as a victim *in spite of* all those things which would make nine hundred and ninety nine men out of a thousand deceive themselves that they might be doing right in yielding.

This is the heroic and almost unique quality in More.

More's Character

To begin with let it clearly be understood that the Blessed Thomas More was a reformer. The whole of Europe was in turmoil between the old scholastic culture and the new passion for pagan antiquity which was making Greek scholarship so powerful an instrument of criticism against ancient ideas and habits in religion. The whole of Christendom was moved also by a spirit which caused the younger men especially, and more especially the more intelligent and emotional of the younger men, to denounce the corruptions of the time, the errors of legend, the exaggeration of certain practices and the doubtfulness or demonstrable falsity of many shrines and relics.

Sir Thomas More was just of the kind who would, according to the mere order of nature, have drifted from step to step, beginning with indignation against abuses, and ending with the full heretical position into which nearly all such men later fell.

He was indignant against the social order of his time as well as against the abuses of the Church. What is more, his indignation inspired him to wit, and to very high literary efforts; and men who discover such talents in themselves while they are still young nearly always fall into the temptation of becoming increasingly revolutionary as time proceeds. Sir Thomas More

should, therefore, according to the order of nature, have become ultimately a violent opponent not only of the social order but of that Divine unity in the Church for which he laid down his life. All his character seemed to point that way.

Again, he began as a man of profound worldly ambition. He fully recognized his own talents, and he gloried in them. They had led him to the highest political position in the State. Such a temper should naturally have made him in the long run acquiesce in all official action.

Again, he was a man full of humor, and also full of domestic affection. He keenly felt how ridiculous a man looks in any isolated position, how absurd it is to be a "crank," and he felt still more keenly misunderstand-

IN his next article Mr. Belloc will present a character study of Clement VII, the Pope of King Henry VIII's divorce. Though guilty of great weakness and a tortuous policy, he was firm in that one moment in papal history which would have compromised the Papacy in the eyes of posterity and have given solid arguments against its claims. In that moment the Papacy did not fail, even though the Pope had sailed very near the wind. Clement VII might have taken any one of half a dozen steps, each one of which would have been, for the first time, an admission by a Pope that the Papacy was not what it was. He was preserved from it by that Divine safe-guarding of the Church which never fails; but he was also preserved from it by that element in him which remained strong: a recognition of what was absolutely essential to his supreme office.

ing from any of his own household. Such a man should naturally shrink more than would another from any action, let alone the acceptance of death itself, in which he would suffer the public accusation of eccentricity and perverseness, and the reproaches of his own wife.

Lastly, there is this point about the isolation of this martyr. He could foresee no fruit following upon his great example. In fact, during all the four hundred years from his day to ours, no apparent political fruit has been borne by it.

He was absolutely alone. He had nothing within or without, nothing promised in the future, nothing inherited from the past, nothing in the traditions of his habits and life, to nerve him for what he did. And yet he did it.

In order to understand how extraordinary the case is, and what a marvelous example it is of resolution and vision combined, let us appreciate exactly what it was that the Blessed Thomas More defended at the cost of his life.

He died for the principle, that ultimately, in spiritual matters, the Pope was the Head of Christendom—a principle which all Christendom was debating, and had been debating for more than a hundred years, and on which all his lay world in England differed from him.

He did not die for the Real Presence, as did many another after him. He did not die, as many another might have done, out of loyalty to Queen Catherine. He did not die as a protest against a doctrine generally held heretical. Still less did he die rather than give up some old fixed habit of mind, attached to the ancient civilization of his country. He was not a man merely angry against change. On the contrary, he had been all for change. He did not die, even, at the end of a long public protest against the way in which things were drifting. He did not die for the Mass or for the sanctity of the clerical order. He died only for that one point of the Papal Supremacy, then universally doubted and on which it was obvious to compromise.

The Doubt Resolved

To us today it seems an obvious thing to say, "Oh, but the Papal Supremacy is the very test of Catholicism!"

So Sir Thomas More himself saw; but so did not see the mass of his contemporaries, and so had he himself not seen a very short time before.

When Henry VIII had himself been working against the Lutherans in favor of the Papal office, and saying that the Papacy was of Divine institution, Sir Thomas More had been of the opinion that it was *not* so. He had decided, from his reading up to that point, that the Papacy was no more than an historical development, bound up no doubt with the structure of the Church, but of human origin, as is the most of ecclesiastical organization. A hundred years before he would have been essentially by temperament one of those naturally supporting the authority of the great Councils and thinking them superior to Rome. Yet it was for that very point, which he had himself doubted, that he consented to die.

Observe the circumstances of that death, and see how strange they were compared with what might be called, with due respect, the general run of martyrdoms.

The King had determined to get

his true marriage declared null, to make Anne Boleyn his queen, and to make Anne Boleyn's child his heir. Sir Thomas More did not protest when he saw that the royal policy was drifting more and more away from unity with the Holy See; he resigned his office, but he did so without explanation. If another should take his place who had not these scruples, he would raise no voice against the newcomer.

"One Poor Sample"

WHEN the royal supremacy was declared in its final and most conclusive form, in November of 1534, and the Pope was repudiated (though the Mass and everything else went on as usual) he remained what was called, in the language of the day, a loyal subject to his "natural Lord," King Henry.

He did not challenge; he remained silent, so far as official action went, although, of course, his private conviction was known.

Even when the Oath of Supremacy was administered he was prepared to accept the marriage of Henry with Anne, and to admit that their child should inherit the throne, through the disinheritance of the true heirless, the Princess Mary.

When the document was put before him for his acceptance, to be sworn to in the presence of Cranmer at Lambeth in the Archbishop's palace, he made no protest against it as a whole. All he said was that *there was a point in the preamble which he could not accept*. He held out over the detail—or what seemed to contemporaries a detail. "One poor scruple." He said that the Preamble implied something he could not in conscience accept.

They did not want to sacrifice him. They bade him think it over; and he walked up and down in the gardens of Lambeth palace thinking it over, as they thought, but he was not likely to think himself into another state of mind. He stood firm, on that one small point that the phraseology of one small part of a law, which in everything else he accepted, was at issue with orthodoxy. For that he was imprisoned, for that, many months after, he willingly accepted death.

When they went through the form of trial in the last days before his sacrifice, it is remarkable to observe how silent he still remained, how wholly upon the defensive, still asking his opponents to prove their case, and keeping back in reserve all that he might have said. Until sentence was delivered no man could have proved out of his own mouth what that doctrine was for which none the less he was ready to lay down his life. Only when sentence had been passed did he speak at last, fully, and tell them precisely what his position was.

To his own family as a whole probably, to his wife certainly, to nearly all his friends and to the mass of Englishmen of his time, his position was not heroic but absurd. The King was already head of everything in England, and had been for generations past. He nominated to the Bishoprics and great Abbeys; his was the supreme court of appeal in nearly everything that mattered, and even though there was in this last declaration of full supremacy something novel, yet a quarrel between King and Pope was something with which Englishmen had been familiar over and over again for centuries. It would heal quickly no doubt, as the others had done and at any rate such political broils were nothing to sacrifice one's fortune for, let alone one's life. If indeed someone must stand out and be dramatic in the matter, and overdo the histrionics in the now quite out of date Thomas-a-Becket fashion, why let it be a priest at least, and best of all some great prelate. No doubt men could understand Bishop Fisher; but why Thomas More?

"Heroic Faith"

HE was, I repeat, utterly alone. He had no support from without.

And what support had he from within? That terrible question we cannot answer with certitude, but

we can, I think, with probability. I think he had very little support from within. His was not a sceptical mind, as has been the mind of more than one who has none the less suffered death for truth held by faith and not by experience. But his was a mind which had long practice of seeing both sides of any question and thinking anything could be argued; on that particular point of the Papacy he had himself argued sincerely enough upon the wrong side. I suggest that the Martyr in his last moments had all the intellectual frailty of the intellectuals, and that at the end his scepticism was still working; but his glorious resolution stood—and that is the kernel of the affair. He had what is called "Heroic Faith."

The Most Complete Passion

COULD he return to earth today he would note with that irony of which he was a master that his sacrifice would seem to have been in vain. Whether it were so or not only a distant future can tell. But this much is certain, that of all those, and they were many, who bore witness in the long two hundred years it took to root out their age-long religion from among the English, his would seem to have been the most complete passion; for he had nothing whatever to uphold him except resolve.

I Thank Thee, God

By James E. P. Butler

I THANK Thee, God, that I abide
Upon the restless ocean's tide;
That I have lived with sun and rain,
That I have known the hurricane
And seen the charging surges ride.

For fruitless toil, for light denied,
For wounded flesh and trampled pride;
For stars and sleep and ease of pain
I thank Thee, God.

That I have dared to be the bride
Of Him Who sits at Thy right side;
That I have in the garden lain
And tasted wrath upon my brain;
And that I shall be crucified
I thank Thee, God.

BREAKING *the* TRAIL to PARADISE

By Daniel B. Pulsford

Illustrations by W. Rhodes

And he said to Jesus: Lord, remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy kingdom. And Jesus said to him: Amen, I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with Me in paradise. (Luke xxiii. 42-3.)

ONE could easily imagine that this criminal's request to his Companion in misfortune was in the nature of an ironic sneer. The One to Whom the remark was addressed was, to all appearances, the most abject and pitiful of objects, a target for obscene and blasphemous jests, pointed at by jeering fingers as one whose proud boasts had been falsified. His Cross stood out, like some lightning-blasted tree in a wilderness, as though it were the special mark of Heaven's vengeance, its Victim hanging from it as vermin hang from a pole to warn other vermin from the crops.

Such was He Whose favor, in the hour of death, was sought by the crucified thief. What was the "kingdom" into which the Thorn-crowned

was to come? What favors could be expected from One drawing His last painful breaths? But for Our Lord's reply, it might be imagined, I say, that this was some poor taunt flung by a dying cynic in the face of one sharing his own bitter fate—a final jest such as those of which the scaffold has heard many.

But in reading the episode we must attune our ears to the supernatural. Some special grace it must have been which gave Dismas the faith to proffer his strange request and, against all appearance, to salute as possessing all power in Heaven and on earth One Who bore every sign of impotence. In defiance, it would seem, of every human probability, the Thief speaks the language of penitence and faith and becomes the first to follow the Crucified into the regions of death and glory.

YET we may legitimately take account of circumstances which make the incident more intelligible. Grace does not go against nature. Human dispositions and conditions are

the material with which it works. It is open to us, therefore, to point out facts in the case which help us to understand this amazing act of faith.

It was, for one thing, a supreme advantage to view the Cross of Christ from the standpoint of his own cross. The Thief had the advantage of sharing contemporaneously the same form of execution as his Lord. There was not a movement of that Lord's tortured body, not a cry of His parched lips which he was not in a specially favored position to understand and interpret. He was actually suffering at the moment agonies which the contemplatives of all subsequent ages have sought to enter into. He was literally "crucified with Christ." His own physical sufferings helped him to appreciate what Jesus was passing through as the unaided imagination could not appreciate it. Not only was he the closest of all spectators of the Crucifixion and able thus to hear every sigh, to note every groan, to observe every expression of his Divine Companion, but his own



bodily experiences told him exactly what these things meant. To a certain limited extent we can avail ourselves of the same advantage.

We can utilize each experience of pain to make real to ourselves what Our Lord endured for us. If we thirst, if our limbs are racked, if our flesh is torn, if our lungs are oppressed so that every breath is an effort, if our head throbs as though it would burst, if arms and legs are cramped and every movement is torture—to that extent is our imagination aided, to that extent are we actually crucified with Christ and able to interpret His agonies by our own. But, though we may do this and find in it an aid to devotion, we have, none of us, the supreme advantage of Dismas.

The chief effect would be in enabling him to contrast his own reactions with those of the Central Victim. He knew, as none other could know, the significance, under those conditions, of Jesus' calm dignity, and unfaltering charity. One who had been crushed by pain could appreciate Christ's self-command. As he listened and looked from his own cross to that other Cross there came to mind maybe things he had heard of or even seen in the Galilean.

His reference to "Thy Kingdom" seems to indicate that he was not entirely ignorant of Our Lord's teaching. Phrases suggestive of supernatural dominion recurred to memory filled, now, with new meaning. Illuminated by the supernatural majesty of the crucified Prophet, he could see that they were no casual utterances but carried solemn meanings of infinite profundity.

NOR must it be forgotten that insight into spiritual mysteries was sharpened by the proximity of death. Things hidden from his lusty manhood became plain now that the world of sense was fading from view. It will often happen that those in whom we should least expect it show, in their last moments, a sense of things eternal. The soul emerges as the body retires. And there was one particular feature about Dismas' death the effect of which was to make him specially susceptible to Divine Grace; he was dying as a criminal. Society had condemned him as a public enemy, and the humiliation of this fact was not lost on him. The standpoint from which he gazed at the Innocent Criminal was that of one who knew himself justifiably excommunicated and executed. No rag of respectability covered his defects. Death was a judgment the justice of which he could not deny. Did that fact give him no advantage in estimating the true character of Him Who was known as the Friend of publicans and sinners? The humility which accepted the verdict of society was as remarkable as the faith shown

in his prayer to Christ, and the two are related. In the light of that humility the faith becomes more intelligible. He was not the only outcast who, because he was an outcast, entered the kingdom of heaven before Scribe and Pharisee.

I cannot help thinking that a further clue is offered by the nature of the charge on account of which he suffered. This, I take it, was no

which cannot be redeemed and used in the salvation of a soul.

But with all these explanatory circumstances elucidating the inspired prayer, "Remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy kingdom," it has still to be remembered that there was another thief to whom, in some measure, they also applied. He, too, was an outcast, he too was at the point of death, he too, it may be sur-



sneak-thief but some bold bandit who, for the sake of freedom, had taken his life in his hands. It was a dangerous career, as he must have known, and the man who embarked on it must possess courage and initiative. The gunman—and he was a sort of Jewish gunman—may be at least credited with those qualities. Well, it was the sublimation of those qualities which made him a pioneer in Paradise. There is not, in fact, a single natural quality, no matter to what debased uses it has been put,

mised, was of the gunman breed, he too was a close spectator of the Crucifixion and a sharer in its physical agony. But, then, no conditions of this kind are coercive. The very experience which makes one man a saint makes another a blasphemer. Circumstances do not determine; it is the calling of God and the will's response which do that. It was by his free, personal choice that Dismas became the first-fruits of the Cross. It was by his unforced acceptance of the grace of God that he has to his

credit the achievement of having broken the trail between earth and Paradise.

The leader of that mighty procession streaming out from the gateways of death toward the Abode of the Blessed, the man who headed, in point of time, the concourse of saints to whom has been granted the privilege of immediate access to God was a thief. What a host, in the course of the centuries, was to follow him! St. Augustine, the learned Doctor, is in his train. Popes and prelates follow meekly where he led. Martyrs whose death was as glorious as his was disgraceful accept his captaincy. Founders of great Orders like St. Benedict, St. Dominic and St. Francis of Assisi are not ashamed to fall in behind him. Great mystics such as St. Teresa give him precedence.

YOU may visualize the flight of earth's holiest to their celestial Goal as one of those V-shaped processions of immigrant or emigrant birds which, in the spring and fall, cross our skies led by some tireless pioneer of the heavens. At the apex of the cloudy hosts of the redeemed, the first to follow in the wake of the Risen Lord was—a thief!

It is as though God granted him this honor that those who came afterwards might set an example of humility. It is no great thing to follow a thief. Yet so we must do if we would take the trail to Heaven. It is impossible on that journey to choose your company, and, in a procession thus headed, you may easily find yourself cheek by jowl with those regarded as "undesirable characters." It says something for the democracy of the saints that they accept this condition. Indeed, it may even be that their acceptance of it has something to do with their saintliness.

But however undesirable from the worldly point of view may be this strange Pioneer of Paradise, he fulfilled the essential qualification of saintliness. He was, as we have seen, crucified with Christ. In the literal sense, this was true of the other thief also. But of Dismas it is true spiritually. Suffering of itself has no virtue, may even be a cause of weakening faith and final loss of salvation. It is the endurance of the Cross in the spirit of Christ that makes the difference. That it is this which leads to Paradise is now a familiar truth. Ten thousand holy men and women have verified it. Their feet have beaten the lone trail into a broad highway. The memory of them, when pain and sorrow startle us with their unfamiliarity, encourages us.

BUT Dismas, writhing on his cross and venturing his eternal destiny on the promise of a crucified God, was the first. He had to face, in the very hour of death, the wild paradox

that lies at the heart of all saintliness, without precedent. He was the Columbus of the skies for whom, save Christ Himself, there was no guide. Columbus' distinction lies not in having been the greatest of all sailors; there may well be others whose sea-craftsmanship has been greater than his. His distinction lies simply in the fact that he was the first

That ever burst
Into that silent Sea.

So, we do not argue that Dismas was the holiest of all that have followed in the wake of the crucified and risen Lord, only that he was the first. The prayer with which he committed himself into the hands of God he had to coin for himself for no Church had yet coined it for him. And that prayer was answered. When at last his fierce, bandit-heart ceased

to beat, he found the Divine Friend Whom he had made on Calvary true to His promise.

I LIKE to think that that prayer did not ascend alone and unaided. Who shall say that he was not the first for whom was answered the petition since offered by what countless millions—"Pray for us now and in the hour of our death"? Surely the Mother of Jesus, standing beneath her Son's Cross, overheard his request. And if she did, can we doubt that her compassionate heart echoed it? In that case it was with Dismas she commenced that ministry to the dying which still goes on. The inarticulate "Ave Maria" of the thief was the first, we may say, to awaken the pity for those on the threshold of the other world in a heart which ever after was to respond to all crying out in their need.

Simon and His Friends

By Hugh F. Blunt, LL.D.

SIMON'S FRIENDS

OHO, poor Simon, so they had their joke,
Those dogs of Romans; made you grunt and sweat
To help the Nazarene to bear his yoke;
Simon, we'll call you Simple Simon yet.

SIMON

Yea, call me Simple; I was once so wise
Till in His footsteps with the Cross I trod;
But one look in His gentle wisdom-eyes
And I was Simple Simon, Fool of God!

Favored

By Frederick Reynolds

*Multi reges et prophetae voluerunt videre quae
vos videtis et non viderunt. (S. Luc. X. 24.)*

NOT unto kings and prophets, but to me
A sinful man of lowliest degree,
Things, hidden of old, are shown familiarly.

Nay, more than shown: are intimately given
Here in the Bread—His Heart so sorely riven,
Here in the Cup—my foretaste sweet of Heaven.

THE NEW BIRTH of ENGLAND

By W. J. Blyton

WHILE this article deals primarily with the present political and economic conditions in England, it points out some salutary lessons for America. The unforeseen upheaval which has taken place in the British Isles must necessarily have pronounced reactions not only throughout the Empire, but in practically every other country. The writer is a distinguished journalist who has been for some years the London editor of a large number of Provincial papers.—Editor.

THE Catholic of one nation has always known that he has spiritual affinities with the Catholic of another, and this has acted as a great specific against a lot of nationalistic nonsense in the past. He is as true a patriot as any, without being reduced to the plight of saying: "My country right or wrong, Right, if possible: but anyhow, my country." Well, today the average man in all countries is learning what the Catholic knew already. That we are "members of one another."

That is why I write this, and why Americans will read it. Britain has felt the draught from other countries to which she has lent money or sent goods, and she has taken down the golden calf—the £. But America too feels the winds across the oceans; you cannot keep these influences out by Monroe Doctrine, Ellis Island, Customs, Tariff, or speeches on non-intervention. For good and ill, we are all porous to an outside world.

The United States and Great Britain are going to have a lot of worries and problems in common in the near future, a fact which makes for sympathy even more than having language or prosperity in common.

BOTH of us have developed broadly on the same lines, and some of these have been the wrong lines. The inventive, impatient Anglo-Saxon temper has been inclined for a century to "make a bee-line for the dough," in other words to get rich-quick, not regarding the balance of life and function necessary in a race if it is to survive robust, moral and secure. A rush of people to the towns is as bad for the body politic as a rush of blood to the head is bad for the individual.

Both countries (and several more besides) have been better at quick improvising, and cobbling troubles

as they arise, than at planning and foresight and prevention. It is certainly true of my own land that it has become too industrialized, and, now that other countries are catering for themselves more and more in the goods we once lived by sending them, we feel the tug of the tether, the warning that there is no further advance on *that* road.

YOU in America, looking on at our General Election excitements here—I write from Fleet Street in the thick of it—will be asking: "What is England going to do about it?—because in a few years we Americans may have to travel the same path, despite our wider home market."

The answer is one you will not easily find in the dispatches sent you by your New York and Chicago Press representatives. If it were, I should not be writing this.

The answer is that a majority of British voters, at present, are evading the challenge and the reply. London and Lancashire and South Wales and the Midlands do not like the idea that exports are for the future not to be on the same proportionate scale as in the past—any more than American business men would welcome such a new turn of world-events. It means being fitted for a totally new mental suit. And politicians and vested interests too "hate to face a revolution, even of the most pacific and constructive sort," as our *Catholic Gazette* put it the other day.

Wait till it is America's turn (if that has not already arrived) and see whether Presidents, Senators, Congressmen and voters face the implications any more eagerly and intelligently than we! It is human nature to shirk such vast readjustments of ideal, emphasis, management and function; to turn to the slower basic processes of wealth, such as the land

and agriculture afford; and to modify our expectations of under-cutting the other fellow in manufactures, and thus throw armies of his men on the streets.

That game of beggar-my-neighbor in a world congested with goods yet streaked with want cannot go on long. It is a caricature of all that Trade and Exchange were invented for. The "trade cycles" have become wheels on which men are broken. The time has come to get together and regulate things—the "things which are in the saddle and ride mankind"—for the Sermon on the Mount would prove far better business than the skin game as conducted by hard-faced men.

This ethical feeling is growing tremendously among the democracies in Europe. It is exerting a slow, relentless pressure upon politicians and others who follow rather than lead thought. It contains the germ of a revolution in the sanitary sense of the word. But as yet it is dumb. The crowd has not found its voice or its head. Merely its discontents have been depressed; not its goal. For instance, it does not yet comprehend quite what ails it; does not know that over-urbanization is one of the chief roads to bitterness—over-factored lives, divorce from the main source of wealth, food and poise, the Land.

THE Catholic Church in England, however, knows very well what is the matter, and under the auspices of members of the Hierarchy a number of Land Associations have been formed to re-patriate Catholic working families on to the soil as producers, first for themselves, and then as nuclei of Catholic communities.

But the electorate has not read this sign of the times. Most of our business men and Members of Parliament

are sighing for the moon—the return of manufacturing booms through cut wages, tariffs, salesmanship, drives, etc. ("Just like our bones," you will murmur.)

Well, it won't do.

In exports, practically every country now has reached near to the saturation point. They must look elsewhere for continuous normal security—nearer home. Their cue is to supply themselves with nearly all their own necessities. That will leave a margin of specialties for each country to export to others. Slowly—oh, so slowly—a discerning minority are becoming wise to this. The rest struggle hard against conviction. They dream of eternal monopolies, trade raids into other countries, penetration and the like.

I am giving away no secret when I tell you that this year (which is nine months old on the day I write) we in Britain have an adverse trade balance of two hundred and seventy million pounds, largely caused through our excessive imports of food. Food, which mind you, we ought to be growing for ourselves. We have three million unemployed who could do it. We have millions of vacant acres that would bear it.

Then why not bring the two together—manless land and jobless men?

Ah, why indeed? The idea is so obvious that it does not strike our equivalents of your Congressmen. Apparently there are no votes in it. Instead, the talk is of currency and gold hoarding and tariffs and Empire arrangements. So many of us have been brought up in offices and warehouses on ledgers, profit returns, card-indexes, dividend days, we are creatures of Exchange, Commerce and town. We are forgetting the plow and sower and reaper. Yet the England we get sentimental about was "England's green and pleasant land," dotted with farms and hay-ricks and market towns and busy villages; an England that could export thousands of boat loads of produce every year, a century ago, till the Blight came.

I put these points to American Catholic social students against the day when they too will be facing not dissimilar problems. The Catholic social teaching is not ambiguous on this vital point. It says that a nation shall live by the soul and the soil, by God and the furrow *primarily*. It knows that man in those circumstances is most human, spiritual, religious and true. There is room to see sky and horizon, seedtime and harvest; room for character, initiative, leisure and dream; time for recollection, prayer and family life.

The Church is not primarily thinking of business or budgets when she favors a strong country life. But as

usual, the right which she advocates also turns out to be the best business.

For the next few years, in the long and delicate cleaning up stages, there will be need for cool heads, coöperation between the chief civilized nations, and goodwill. If the dangers are great, it is reassuring to know that so is the realization of them. Another asset is that never before was the voice of the Pope and the Catholic Hierarchy so influential in the world. In the crises of the last hundred years or more, scant attention comparatively was paid by the northern and western peoples to the teaching of the Encyclical. But today all the chief papers of the world give to the utterances from the Chair of Peter a prominence which shows that the Chief Pastor of Christendom is, after all, still subconsciously regarded as the warden of the world's conscience. And the League of Nations with its auxiliary organization is not so powerless as its critics would like us to suppose.

AND how is Britain weathering her troubles? It would be a melodramatic mistake to conclude, from occasional headlines, that the present discontents spell downfall or anything like it. Nations are tenacious; they survive a whole lot. To pessimists, America during her Civil War did not seem a good life, in the insurance sense; whereas history shows that the forces of health and unity, despite the upheavals on the surface, were never more active. So in Britain and in other parts of Europe there is a great upset; but it is the upset of necessary change, and the business of living is being "carried on during alterations."

"Britain has been through worse before," fools sometimes say. And the fools are right. It is a truth, though they may not have the right to say it. Their optimism would be more acceptable if it was on a substratum of thought and planning.

I have just been reading a brilliant new life of the Duke of Wellington, when, under him as Premier—a very able Premier—the ship of State rocked in a typhoon. What would we, or you, think today of our chances if a Premier's windows were being smashed by the mob as his were?—if he had to change his route daily to avoid menacing crowds?—if war, and political repression, were added to economic distress? Those were the after days of reckoning after the loss of America by Britain, after the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, when invasion scares and sabotage convulsed a hungry and jumpy nation not very wisely ruled.

Why, even in March, 1832 (a hundred years ago within several months from now), the nation was ordered a

General Fast, so perilous and hopeless seemed events at home and abroad. It was only agreed to after much unseemly objection and postponement; remember that militant, atheism, and poverty, and republicanism were loud in the land. Wordsworth says:

"Reluctant call it was; the rite delayed;
And in the Senate some there were who doffed
The last of their humanity and scoffed
At Providential judgments, undismayed
By their own daring."

And this, too, after the previous experiences of October, 1803, when he recorded:

"These times strike moneyed worldlings with dismay:
Even rich men brave by nature taint the air
With words of apprehension and despair."

Well, today we have our anxieties, chiefly industrial and financial, but they are not unparalleled. And we are less patient than we were with muddle. Also, despite party outbreaks, there is less class cleavage than fifty years ago; and though much remains to be done for the workers, they have a greater stake in the country than ever before. The Press is a more effective safety-valve. There are more interests and amenities in life for the million. All these invisible assets it would be cantankerous pessimism to overlook.

The Church, moreover, spreads a supernatural network of prayer, discipline and social study over the nations. She points men back to the abiding verities and simplicities by which men must live, back from the over-elaboration and over-stimulus of cities and bourses, the frantic race for show and "easy" wealth. She is very old and wise and has seen many civilizations take the wrong turning; some she has been able to shepherd back into healthier ways, others she has merely been able to "see out."

CATHOLIC social students here are at last lifting up their voices to some purpose, and saying that a true nation—any nation—must live by a wise division of life and labor, in which the tending of the fruits of the earth takes pride of place. For upon a flourishing agriculture ultimately all depends. The peasant and farmer are the caryatid of society. Man is meant to grow out of nature with super-nature; and the vast compounds we call cities become, beyond a given point, an evolutionary peak or cul-de-sac equally hostile to nature and to Grace.

THE EUCHARISTIC SACRIFICE

By ✠ Alexander MacDonald

Titular Bishop of Hebron

"PURGE out the old leaven that you may be new paste, as you are unleavened. For Christ our passover is sacrificed." — (St. Paul, 1 Cor. 5-7.)

St. Paul is here saying to the Corinthians what he said to the Galatians: Walk in the Spirit and ye shall not fulfill the lusts of the flesh; but adds that devotion to the Mass is one main way of walking in the Spirit. An intelligent understanding of the Mass is therefore of great moral value. What does Catholic tradition say?

St. Ignatius Martyr, disciple of St. John the Evangelist, testifies that the Eucharistic Sacrifice is "the Flesh of our Savior Jesus Christ which suffered for our sins." (*Ad. Smyr.* 3.) "The Passion of the Lord," says St. Cyprian, "is the Sacrifice that we offer." (*Ep.* 63, n. 17.) To St. Ambrose the Mass is "that saving Sacrifice by which the sins of the world are blotted out." (*Exhort. Virg.* c. 14, n. 54.) "Our High Priest" says St. John Chrysostom, "it was Who offered up that Sacrifice which cleanses us. That same Sacrifice do we also offer up now which was then offered up, that Sacrifice which cannot be exhausted." (*In Ep. ad Hebr.* c. 10, hom. 17, n. 3.) Holy Mass was offered up for the soul of Monica, mother of Augustine. He calls it the Sacrifice of our Redemption—*sacrificium pretii nostri*. (*Confess. bk.* 9, c. 12, n. 32.) Pope Leo the Great teaches that in the New Law "there is One Sacrifice instead of every victim" that was offered up to God under the Old Law. (*Serm.* 59, c. 7.)

SUCH is the tradition of the early Church. It will be enough to cite a few outstanding witnesses to show that the same traditional teaching held throughout the Middle Ages: "If our daily Sacrifice," says Alger the Scholastic, "were other than that once offered in Christ, it would not be true but superfluous." (*Lib. de Corp. et Sang. Dni.* c. 9, n. 2.) Venerable Peter of Cluny concurs with Alger: "It is not that a different Sacrifice is offered now from that which was then offered, but that of

which it is said, *Christ was offered once* (*Hebr.* 9:28), He left to His Church evermore to be offered up." (*Migne P. L. tom.* 189, col. 886.) And St. Thomas of Aquin, summing up the tradition of preceding ages: "We do not offer other than that which Christ offered for us, namely, His Blood. Hence ours is not another Sacrifice." (*In. Ep. ad Hebr.* ch. 9.) Nay the Church herself in the prayers and collects of the Mass embodies the same traditional teaching, offering to God the Father the "spotless evening Sacrifice . . . which Thy Only Begotten Son offered up on the Cross for the salvation of the world." (Secret of the Mass in the Feast of the Spear and Nails) and beseeching Our Lord "that this Sacrifice may profit the soul of Thy servant, by the immolation of which Thou didst set the whole world free from the bonds of sin." (Secret in the Requiem Mass for a deceased man.)

AT THE very dawn of the Reformation the same traditional belief of the Church is set forth clearly in the work which won for Henry the Eighth the title of Defender of the Faith: "On the Cross Christ consummated the Sacrifice which He began in the Supper. And therefore the commemoration of the whole thing, to wit, of the consecration in the Supper and the oblation on the Cross, is celebrated and represented together in the Sacrifice of the Mass." (*Assert. Sept. Sacram.* pp. 30-31.)

For fifteen hundred years this was the tradition of the Church in East and West. Has it faded away completely? It cannot fade away; it cannot die. But ever since the sixteenth century it has become greatly obscured. This has been largely owing to the fact that the Decree of the Council of Trent concerning the Mass has been taken to mean that the Last Supper, which has been called the First Mass, was a complete sacrifice. Luther and Calvin and the early Reformers in general maintained that there was no sacrifice offered in the Supper, and that the Sacrifice of our Redemption was

done and over on Calvary, not continued in the Mass. In the controversies of the time and of later times, our theologians, for the most part, appear to have granted that the Sacrifice of our Redemption was done and over on Calvary, and to have maintained that, even so, the Christian Religion is not without its sacrifice. There is, to wit, the Clean Oblation, foretold by the prophet Malachy, the Eucharistic Sacrifice, the Mass, first offered in the Supper. The Decree of Trent was cited, and still is cited, to bear this out.

IT MUST be admitted that the language of the Decree in the earlier part of the first chapter or section seems to favor this view. It is there affirmed that Our Lord did in the Last Supper offer to the Father His Body and Blood under forms of bread and wine in order that He might leave to His Spouse, the Church, a visible sacrifice by which the bloody sacrifice once to be accomplished on the Cross should be represented, commemorated and applied. On the face of the thing this "visible sacrifice" would appear to be other than the Sacrifice of Calvary and no other than the Supper itself with its continuation in the Mass. But the Decree goes on to define for us what precisely that visible sacrifice is. We are told, in the second part of the same section, that Our Lord, having first celebrated the ancient Passover, "instituted the New Passover, to wit, Himself to be immolated under visible signs by the Church through the ministry of the priests in memory of His own passage from this world unto the Father." It goes on, in the second section, to describe more fully the New Passover. "And forasmuch as in this Divine sacrifice which is celebrated in the Mass that same Christ is contained and offered up without shedding of blood Who once offered Himself with the shedding of blood on the altar of the Cross, the holy Synod teaches that this Sacrifice is truly propitiatory." Finally we are told that "the Victim is one and the same" and that "the Same now offers Himself by the ministry of the

priests Who then offered Himself on the Cross, the manner alone of offering being different."

Not the Supper, then, but the Mass is the New Passover. Nothing of what is said of the Mass in the latter part of the Decree is true of the Supper. The offering in the Supper was not commemorative of the Passion but inchoative of it; was not made by the hands of priests, but immediately by Christ Himself; was not of itself propitiatory because it was by His sufferings and death that Christ became the propitiation for our sins. In the Supper He did but deliver Himself over to suffer and to die for us, saying: "This is the chalice of My Blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for many, unto remission of sins." Not until the Blood was actually shed was there remission of sins, for "without the shedding of blood there is no remission."

Let me cite once more the words of the Decree:

"For, having celebrated the ancient Passover, which the multitude of the children of Israel immolated in memory of their going out of Egypt, He instituted the New Passover, to wit, Himself to be immolated under visible signs by the Church through the ministry of priests, in memory of His own passage out of this world unto the Father, when by the shedding of His own blood He redeemed us and delivered us from the power of darkness and translated us into His Kingdom."

THE Ancient Passover did but shadow forth the New Passover. It is by the New Passover the world is redeemed. Now the Decree declares that the New Passover is the Eucharistic Sacrifice, the Mass, Christ Himself immolated under visible signs through the ministry of the priests. This New Passover Our Lord instituted in the Supper. To institute is to lay the foundations of, to set up for the first time, to start or begin. So Our Lord, according to the Decree, began the New Passover in the Supper. How is sacrifice begun? By the offering of it. In the Old Testament, which had the shadow of the good thing to come, the owner of the victim began the sacrifice by consecrating and offering the victim to God. So, in like manner, did Our Lord in the Supper. He, the High Priest of the New Law, consecrated and offered to God the Father His own Body and Blood under forms of bread and wine, for that He was Priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech, and willed that His "one sacrifice for sins" (Hebr. 10:12) should be offered up evermore on "the altar" that "we have," (Hebr. 13:10) by the hands of His priests. "This do for a commemoration of Me," He bade them in the Supper.

Plain it is, then, that the Supper by itself was not the Eucharistic Sacrifice, the New Passover. It was but the inauguration, the beginning of it. He who offered Himself there under forms of bread and wine first passed through the red sea of His own Blood into the Promised Land before He was offered under visible signs by the Church through the ministry of His priests.

HOLY Mass, then, is the New Passover in its liturgical completeness and full perfection of being and operation. It is the Eucharistic Sacrifice, the Christian people's great thanks offering for the sovereign favor of their redemption, and at the same time the One Offering for the sins of the world, because it contains and offers up to the Father, from the rising of the sun unto its going down, the Body and Blood of Him Who blotted out upon the Cross the handwriting of the decree that was against us.

In the Supper there was no immolation but the mystic, which imaged forth the real immolation on the Cross. In the Mass the real immolation is actually operative, because the death of Christ has everlasting efficacy. In the Supper there was no real immolation because Christ had not yet suffered. In the Mass there is a real immolation in the ecclesiastical sense of the word; "for immolation, properly speaking," says Blessed Albert the Great, "is the offering up of that which has been slain for the worship of God." (Sent. IV, dist. 12, n. 7.) The Supper looked forward to an immolation not yet accomplished. The Mass looks back to and commemorates an accomplished immolation. So the Supper as a sacrifice was not yet complete, while the Mass is the ceremonial offering of the same sacrifice now accomplished and eternally complete. "For by One Oblation He hath perfected forever them that are sanctified." (Heb. 10-14.)

"Since religious worship," wrote Pope Leo XIII, "must express itself sacrificially, our Divine Redeemer willed that the Sacrifice once consummated on the Cross should be prolonged forever. This is done through the Mass, which is not a mere image or nude memorial of that Sacrifice, but the selfsame, though outwardly different." (Ency. Caritatis Sudium, July 25, 1898.)

In the Summa (q. 22, a. 3, 2^{um}) St. Thomas, answering an objection, says:

The Sacrifice that is offered daily in the Church is not other than the Sacrifice which Christ Himself offered, but is the commemoration of it.

Here, in a nutshell, is the traditional teaching of the Church regarding the Mass. The Saint

affirms three things. (1) Christ offered One Sacrifice, not two sacrifices—"the Sacrifice that Christ Himself offered." (2) The Sacrifice that Christ Himself offered is one with the Sacrifice which is offered daily in the Church. The expression "is not other than" signifies is the same as, or is one with. (3) The Sacrifice which is offered daily in the Church is the commemoration of the Sacrifice which Christ Himself offered, and yet is one with that which it commemorates.

As showing how the traditional teaching survived the confusion arising out of polemical and theological controversies, I quote *The Catholic Review*, of New York, under date of August 17, 1889, page 107: "The Sacrifice of the Mass in the Catholic belief is a continual commemoration of the Sacrifice of the Cross, and yet really one with that which it commemorates." And *Christ in His Church* (New York, imprimatur of Cardinal McCloskey): "The Sacrifice of the Mass is the Sacrifice of Calvary—not repeated, for Jesus Christ dieth now no more, but shown forth until He comes."

THE Jewish Passover was typical of the Christian. A lamb was slain in Egypt. Its blood wrought deliverance from that land of bondage. Ever after another lamb was offered in commemoration of this deliverance and in thanksgiving for so great a favor. The Christian people, in like manner, have their original Passover and their commemorative. The Lamb slain in figure from the foundation of the world was slain in fact when He blotted out on Calvary the handwriting of the decree that was against us. In our commemorative Passover the same Lamb once slain on Calvary is offered up evermore on our altars. To quote once more the golden words of Peter the Venerable: "It is not that a different sacrifice is offered now from that which was then offered, but that of which it is said, *Christ was offered once* (Hebr. 9:28.) He left to His Church evermore to be offered up."

The difference between the Supper and the Mass is Calvary. The whole virtue of the Cross, the Blood of the Passion of Christ, is in the Mass. It was not in the Supper for the obvious reason that Christ had not suffered yet. Therefore it is the Mass that matters. Therefore, the Mass, not the Supper, is the New Passover. It was only after Moses had led the children of Israel dryshod through the Red Sea that they could sing their song of praise and thanksgiving and triumph: "Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea, Jehovah has triumphed, His people are free."



IN order to enter into the spirit of the following story the reader is recommended to take his place amongst the guests gathered round the big chimney-place at Hadlands old Manor from which, in the old days of priest-hunting, Father Hugh Evans was said to have emerged, covered with soot, and impersonated the devil for the benefit of his roundhead pursuers. It is one of the favorite stories of my old friend, John Brayne, and is generally reserved for the Feast of the Holy Innocents, when—so John Brayne declares—grown-up people receive the grace of forgetting their years and the “wisdom” thereof.

It was Yule-tide, somewhere about the year 1640. A season not officially recognized in England at that date, although she remained as merry as she dared to be in the circumstances. Hard times had fallen on the household of Simon Pippin, professionally known as “Simon the Side-splitter.” Simon enjoyed a great reputation for drollery in the best circles, but, alack! he had made jokes to meet an increasing demand until he could joke no more.

For weeks past the children had trod softly, and stopped their play

when the Side-splitter was arranging his merry quips, and now things had come to a crisis. The jester sat by his empty hearth in lugubrious mufti, his gay motley folded away in a drawer, and asked, glumly, what was the good of anything? And woe betide the person who gave a better answer than, “nothing.”

No roundhead could have achieved a countenance of such mask-like sobriety as the played-out Side-splitter; and in the meantime things were getting desperate. There were scarcely any necessities in the cupboard, let alone the luxuries which Simon had been wont to bring home as a perquisite from the feasts he attended in his professional capacity. The children thought of the departed glories of Yuletide and wept, and Tom, the eldest of them, became, perforce, the bread-winner for the whole family.

Tom had been intended to follow his father's calling, but a total inability to see, let alone make, a joke had prevented him from doing so. Nature, however, had compensated him for this deficiency by presenting him with a fine set of double joints which enabled him to acquire some skill as an acrobat and juggler. Tom performed his capers conscientiously

and with an earnestness of demeanor that might well disarm the Controller of public sports and pastimes. But, in spite of his endeavors, poor Tom's capers brought little grist to the mill, and things, as has been said, were in a parlous way.

But what preyed most on the mind of Turnover Tom, as he was called, was not the empty larder, although the sight of the hungry children tugged at his heartstrings; it was the change in his father. Turnover Tom worshipped his father. To see him sitting with his head in his hands, or glumly reiterating his pessimistic query as to the good of anything, was more than he could bear. To make matters worse Mr. Pippin continued to receive invitations from his patrons which he was unable to accept, and that, of course, served to plunge him into an even deeper melancholy.

WHEN Sir Toby Brayne, a gay cavalier who lived just outside the town, sent word inviting the Side-splitter, of whose competency in that art he had received reliable testimony, to entertain his guests on the night of the Feast of Holy Innocents, Simon read the message, with its handsome offer of a fee of two golden crowns, with his wooden expression

unrelaxed. By way of answer, he had angrily ordered Mistress Pippin to cast his suit of motley into the outhouse to be taken by the first tramp who came along. His wife dared not refuse. All she could do was to conceal the discarded garments beneath a piece of sacking and hope for the best.

SIMON had made his last joke. The world possessed no more jokes to be made. It was useless for the leech to put it down to humors in the blood and prescribe a potion. Simon the Side-splitter knew better than the leech.

Turnover Tom thought the situation out, turning it over in his methodical mind with the same deliberation that he turned a somersault. He was thus engaged one afternoon when he happened to be passing the Castle, which was not far from his home. The Castle was used as a common jail, and just as Tom passed a little knot of idle people was dispersing itself.

The crowd appeared to have been hugely diverted by something which had just taken place. Their merriment made Tom think wistfully of the laughter which had once greeted the appearance of the Side-splitter—the latter had an india-rubber kind of countenance which was mirth-provoking in itself. Alack! it had now frozen into mask-like immobility. He surveyed them solemnly and enquired the cause of their mirth of a bystander.

"'Tis a fellow that they have just taken back to jail," the latter explained. "He cracked a joke with the crowd and set them laughing. A queer fellow. They say he has been on and off in jail this fourteen years, and never yet lacked for a joke."

"What does he do amiss that he should always be in jail?" Tom asked.

"Oh," the man replied, "he's a papist. Ever and anon they bring him before the judges and he gets clapped up. He and the jailer are mighty good friends, they say, and he goes his own way among the prisoners, and even goes abroad, unbeknown to the Governor. He is safe to return at night, and sometimes the jailer claps him into the pit, just for appearance's sake, but even that doesn't spoil his joke. They say he has a joke that never wears out."

Tom made no immediate comment. He was busily engaged in debating the information in his mind, being eminently practical, as became one whose own jokes were physical performances.

The thought of a man who possessed a joke that never wore out filled his mind with envy on his father's behalf. If only he could get access to this fellow and learn his

secret, or haply a few jests to replenish the exhausted store of the Side-splitter; or to make use of himself if he were driven to it.

This practical idea commended itself to Tom. He turned it over and over in his mind. To get oneself "clapped up" in those days was easy enough. Tom had once spent three days in the lock-up for turning a somersault on the Lord Protector's highway on the Sabbath day. But it needed a graver matter to get taken to the Castle. Turnover Tom concluded that it would be necessary to in some way accentuate his misdemeanor in order to ensure the latter.

On the following afternoon, which most conveniently happened to be Sunday, the Rev. Ezra Bloomingthwaite, incumbent of St. Benet's by-the-Backway, one of the ancient churches of the town, now in Puritan hands, was disturbed in the midst of making his discourse for the evening by an invasion of officials of the beadle species.

Two stern minions of the Law held between them a youth of sober enough countenance who had nevertheless been taken in the act of turning somersaults in the churchyard of St. Benet's, and that in the very face of the congregation going in to Sermon. Turnover Tom, who was nothing if not thorough, had in fact effected a particularly deliberate and carefully planned antic, and had accomplished his end with the success that invariably attended his undertakings. Turnover Tom always "got there" by sheer tenacity of purpose.

THE Rev. Ezra detached his thoughts from his peroration and listened with some impatience to the explanation that he happened to be the nearest magistrate to deal with the case now brought before him. Hence the intrusion. He was a sensible man, and he regarded the culprit with more irritation than horror.

"Whip him and send him off," he told the outraged officials. "I have no time to attend to such as this on the Lord's Day." "But if an ox or an ass should fall into a pit . . ." one of the custodians retorted; whereat the Rev. Ezra interrupted the nasal tones with an outburst of real exasperation.

"Then put thy ass into the pit," he made retort, "and leave me to my Sabbath Day duties."

Now, the pit happened to be the popular designation of a certain underground chamber in the Castle into which prisoners were placed when a greater severity was used towards them. The minions of the Law interpreted the ironical remark according to their limitations, and so it was that, by a stroke of good luck, Turnover Tom found himself being conveyed to the Castle.

It must be confessed that his heart failed him when they reached their destination. The pit proved to be a loathsome and disagreeable place. Moreover, it had only one other occupant besides himself. Could it be possible that it was the droll fellow? His informant had told him that the jailer sometimes clapped him into the pit. A man who could be droll in this place must indeed be a merry fellow!

HE blinked through the darkness in the direction of his companion. He had appeared to be on his knees praying when he had first caught sight of him, and Tom, with a chill striking his heart, had told himself that he most decidedly was not the man whom he was in search of.

When they had been alone for a minute or two the other occupant of the dungeon made a friendly advance. Tom could just see him in the dim light. He was a pale, ragged-looking fellow, but his face was as kind as his voice was pleasant when he addressed his fellow delinquent.

"So you have managed to get into trouble, too," the ragged man said. "Tell me, was your crime one so well worth committing?"

"I turned a somersault outside the church door," Tom answered bluntly, and defiantly awaited the reply from the man whom he had found on his knees.

"Ah, you were as glad as all that to be going to church?"

The tone was one of commendation rather than otherwise.

Tom, with characteristic honesty, felt it incumbent upon him to state the facts of the case. It involved telling the whole story, but his fellow-prisoner proved to be a most sympathetic listener. It was easy and comforting to talk to him. Tom told him all about the sudden cessation of the Side-splitter's flow of mirth, the hungry family and the empty cupboard and Tom's efforts to keep the home, and the climax—Sir Toby's invitation and the jester's final disavowing of his professional raiment. The stranger seemed to be drawing all the details from him. He was so wonderfully interested. Tom even found himself telling him of his love for his father, although he had never before spoken of it to a living soul.

When he arrived at the story of the strategy by means of which he had gained an entry to the common jail, the man of prayer, who had been listening in a rather tense silence, gave vent to an ungovernable burst of mirth.

"Well done!" he cried. "Well done!"

"Do you know this droll fellow?" Tom asked him, for it seemed that the other was not too strait-laced in spite of his prayers.

"Yes, I know him well," was the reply, "but I fear his merry jests are more in the way he says a thing on the spur of the moment than in the thing itself. He has a light heart and a light tongue."

Tom was frankly disappointed.

"I thought, maybe," he said, "that if I did offer to teach him how to turn a cartwheel he might have

taught me some of his jests for I can make none of my own."

Whereat his companion was moved to fresh and prolonged mirth.

"He might lack the agility to turn cartwheels," he said; "he has lived here long enough to get stiff in the bones. Not but what he goes out at times when he can get around the jailer. Then he returns, like the sheep

of Mistress Bo-peep, and the good man claps him into this place lest folk should be guessing that he has found favor."

"They say that he has one great jest that never gets stale," Turnover Tom said, wistfully. "I had hoped that I might learn it."

"Well, courage, my young friend," the other said. "Tell me more about



He had been taken in the act of turning somersaults in the churchyard.

your father, and the good clothing that he has cast away in the outhouse. Are there little silver bells on the doublet? I know of folks who have a use for little silver bells that ring for joy who are not of your father's calling. Did you ever hear speak of the sacring bell, which rings for joy when God comes down to Earth?"

"My grandfather's father used to tell him about it," Tom said.

"If you had heard it, methinks that you would have been fain to turn a somersault for joy in the churchyard afterwards," the other said.

Turnover Tom's sojourn in the pit was a short one. Later on in the day they came to fetch him out. The Governor having enquired into the case, it was concluded that, having had a salutary fright, the misdemeanant might be discharged with a caution.

Tom bade his companion farewell regretfully, with tears in his eyes. It might even have been desirable to remain in the pit in the company of this stranger.

"Don't fret for me," the latter told him, "for neither shall I be spending the night in the pit, although I shall be returning perchance tomorrow morning."

IN the early morning of the Feast of St. Thomas the Martyr, which follows that of the Holy Innocents, Mistress Pippin was up and about preparing the meagre meal that did duty for breakfast in those lean days. Tom's disgrace of the day before had not served to decrease the general depression of the household. He had not found it possible to explain his conduct and it had been a very shame-faced and dejected Tom who had returned home in custody of a sturdy beadle. They had managed to keep it from Simon. Tom's egregious levity, suggesting an utterly unwarranted optimism, might have been the last straw to his melancholic parent!

Mistress Pippin had need to go to the outhouse to get wood to kindle a tiny fire. In the outhouse something immediately caught her sharp eye. It was her husband's discarded professional attire lying, not as she had placed it under a covering sack, but exposed to view. The garments were neatly folded and had been used as a covering for something placed underneath them.

Mistress Pippin went over and investigated. She picked up the jester's doublet. Beneath it, placed carefully on the folded red and blue pants, lay two glittering golden crown pieces. By their side stood a bright and shining copper dish, covered so as to protect the contents.

Mistress Pippin stared with all her eyes, and wondered if she was dream-

ing. Then she caught sight of a sheet of paper fastened to the doublet. Being herself unlettered she was unable to read the message which would elucidate the mystery, so making a grab at the bundle she bore it swiftly indoors.

SIMON, her husband, was seated in the kitchen with the children round him. He turned his stiffened countenance towards his wife as she entered. Tom was by himself in a corner, the children had been talking of the stewed peacock and other dainties which would have been theirs had the Side-splitter fulfilled his engagement. There would be no dinner for them today.

Mistress Pippin was evidently in a state of agitation. She placed her burden down on the table on the top of the quarter-loaf which was to serve the whole family, and then thrust a sheet of paper into her husband's hand.

"Read it," she gasped. "What doth it say? And, see, here are two golden

Eighteenth Amendment

SING a song of six-pence,
Pocket full of cash.
Four and twenty wine-bricks
Make a potent mash.
When the mash is drunken,
The birds begin to sing.
Prohibition?—What d'yer mean?
Old Thirst again is king.

crowns!" The children had already got the cover off the dish and were sniffing at the savory contents.

Simon obeyed. He read out loud, with slow deliberation, for he was not so highly scholared himself that the reading of a flowery hand-writing came easy to him. His wife, Tom and the other children stood round listening:

"I, Sir Toby Brayne, a knight, do declare by this my hand that Simon the Side-splitter is a right droll fellow that would make a dead man laugh at the sight of him. Yea, a right merry rogue, a gay fellow. I, Sir Toby Brayne do protest this with my hand and seal."

It was a really admirable testimonial, the like of many that Simon had received in the good old days. The man named in it stood staring at the page in bewilderment. Then he looked up at his wife for enlightenment.

But it so happened that Mistress

Pippin had seized the burnished copper cover of the dish and was holding it up in one hand before replacing it over the contents, in which the children were taking an exuberant interest, and in consequence her husband's gaze encountered, not the face of Mistress Pippin, but his own visage reflected in the polished surface of the copper.

Within it Simon saw a long, very long, blank and inexpressibly glum countenance, for the mirror was an excellent caricaturist.

"A merry rogue," in good sooth! "A right gay fellow!"

Something in the incongruity of the written protestation and the countenance before his eyes awakened the long dormant risible faculty in Mr. Simon Pippin. A sudden smile took it by storm, and the advantage was duly followed up. A moment later the assembled family was electrified to hear the Side-splitter indulging in a fit of hearty, healthy laughter.

The spell by which he had been bound for so many weeks had been broken. It was more than a month since his countenance had accommodated so much as a flicker of a smile, but now Mr. Pippin was engaged in the health-giving occupation of laughing at himself.

But the mystery remained unsolved. Who was it who had borrowed the jester's garb and understudied him at Sir Toby's banquet?

It was when they made another discovery, namely, that some of the little silver bells had been detached from the doublet and were missing, that Tom found himself by way of coming forward with a solution.

"Whoever it was," Simon said, "he considered that he had a right to that much for his trouble. A small recompense indeed.

"He were welcome to the whole toggerly, although, beshrew me if I don't feel like putting it on again myself."

"Aye, and the two crowns, too," his wife said, "since he has brought you back to yourself again."

AND then Turnover Tom told them the whole story of yesterday's adventure, and of his fellow-prisoner who must have been the very man that he was in search of, the droll fellow himself. And Simon the Side-splitter expressed a keen desire to meet the man who had so successfully played the part of a professional jester, and shown such charity to a poor man that was in sore straits.

And that Tom contrived the meeting there can be no doubt, for a day came when Simon the Side-splitter once more heard the sound of those same little silver bells off his doublet ringing for joy. And I think it was on that very same day that Turnover Tom had resort to his accomplishment, and cut a somersault for other than professional purposes.

THE SIGN POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGN-POST

Questions ■ Answers ■ Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

OUR LADY ALWAYS A VIRGIN

In the Gospel according to St. Matthew (1:24) we read that St. Joseph "knew her not till she brought forth her first born son." Do these words mean that St. Joseph knew her AFTER Mary had given birth to Jesus? Are not these words contrary to the belief that Mary was ever a virgin?

PITTSBURGH, PA.

R. H.

The perpetual virginity of the Blessed Virgin Mary is a dogma of the Church, defined in the Fifth General Council under Pope Virgilius in 553, A. D. There is no doubt concerning the faith of the Church on the perpetual virginity of Mary. Consequently every expression in the New Testament which seems to contradict that belief must be capable of being explained without detriment to Mary's great prerogative. We should remember that the Gospels were written by Jews and therefore contain Jewish expressions, as an English composition would supposedly contain English idioms. We must interpret Jewish expressions according to the Jewish sense, not ours. "He knew her not *till* she had brought forth her first born son" does not imply that St. Joseph knew her *afterward*. For, as St. Jerome proved against the heretic Helvitius, who used this text in an attempt to disprove the perpetual virginity of Mary, the Holy Scriptures contain many passages with words conveying the ideas of *before* and *after*, which do not necessarily imply that what did not occur before took place afterward. Thus, "Noe, opening the window of the ark, sent forth a raven, which went forth, and did not return *till* the waters were dried up upon the earth." (Gen. 7:6) The inference is not that the raven returned after the waters dried up, but that it did not return at all. Again, "the Lord said to my Lord, sit on my right hand, until I make thy enemies thy footstool." (Ps. 109:1) Surely, the meaning is not that the Lord will no longer sit at God's right hand, after His enemies have been made His footstool. Likewise, the expression "first-born son" does not necessarily imply that other children were born. An only son was called first-born among the Jews, even though he were the only one.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN'S EDUCATION

I have been told that it is a mortal sin not to send my children to the Catholic school. Is this true?

N. N.

The law of the Church with reference to the obligation of parents in educating their children is stated in the following Canons of the Code of Canon Law: "Catholic children are to be educated in schools where not only nothing contrary to Catholic faith and morals is taught, but rather in schools where religious and moral training occupy the first place. Not only parents, but also all those who take their place, have the right and the serious obligation of caring for the Christian education of their children." (Canon 1372.) "Catholic children shall not attend non-Catholic, indifferent, and mixed schools, that is, schools open to non-Catholics and Catholics alike. Only the Bishop of the Diocese has the right, in harmony with the instructions of the Holy See,

to decide under what circumstances, and with what safeguards to prevent the loss of faith, it may be tolerated that Catholic children attend such schools." (Canon 1374.)

That there is a grave obligation on Catholic parents and those who take their place to send their children to Catholic schools is clear from the Canons quoted above, as well as from the natural law. To neglect to give Catholic children a Christian education, and to put them in the positive danger of losing their faith and injuring their morals cannot be called a light matter.

This obligation is a positive one, and like all positive obligations admits of excusing causes. As Canon 1374 says, it belongs to the Bishop of the diocese to decide what Catholic parents may do when there are no Catholic schools in the district, or when the Catholic schools are crowded. Parents would be excused from sending their children to a Catholic school when there is none in their district, or, as said above, the Catholic school cannot receive more children. The law does not recognize the right of Catholic parents to determine these things for themselves, nor the right of Catholic neighbors to intrude themselves in questions of this kind. But in case it is permitted by the Bishop to send Catholic children to what are called public schools, parents and guardians have the grave obligation of supplying the defect of Catholic training, either by means of personal instruction in religion, or by sending them to religious classes conducted by the Church.

These are the principles governing the case. It would be rash for us to decide whether or not you are guilty of grave sin, if you do not send your children to a Catholic school. Your pastor or confessor can best determine that. He will know the circumstances of your case and the conditions of your locality. We strongly recommend that you read the Encyclical of Pope Pius XI on Christian Education. It can be procured in pamphlet form for five cents.

OMITTING THE EASTER COMMUNION

Is a Catholic who has not received his Easter Communion for two years excommunicated?

DORCHESTER, MASS.

N. N.

The obligation to receive Holy Communion at least once a year is a grave precept of the Church. If one neglects to receive without sufficient reason one is guilty of grave sin. The Canon Law, however, does not attach any specific penalty, such as excommunication, to the violation of this precept.

HEAVEN AND EARTH

What does this text of St. Luke mean: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away"? (Luke 21:33.) I always thought that Heaven was going to last forever.

CANTON, MASS.

R. J.

This text refers to the material heavens and earth, as can be seen from the context. They are regarded as the most enduring of all tangible things, but they shall pass away and cease to be, whereas God's word, that is, the

teachings of Christ, will last forever, since it is true. Our Lord did not mean that the Heaven of the blessed will pass away. That is eternal.

INDEX OF FORBIDDEN BOOKS

Where can I obtain the Index of Forbidden Books?
PITTSBURGH, PA. E. S.

A pamphlet containing the names of the authors most frequently met with can be obtained from **THE SIGN**, by sending fifteen cents in stamps.

LIST OF CATHOLIC HOSPITALS

Where can I find a list of Catholic hospitals? Kindly list all the Catholic hospitals in Baltimore, Md.
DORCHESTER, MASS. M. W.

You will find the Catholic hospitals of each diocese listed in the Catholic Directory. The following are the Catholic hospitals in Baltimore: Mercy Hospital (Sisters of Mercy), North Calvert Street; St. Joseph's Hospital (Sisters of Third Order of St. Francis), Caroline and Oliver Streets; St. Agnes' Hospital (Daughters of Charity), Caton and Wilkins Avenue; Bon Secours Hospital (Sisters of Bon Secours), 2003 West Fayette Street; Mount Hope Retreat for Insane (Daughters of Charity), Reistertown Road and Patterson Avenue.

DOUBLE RELIGIOUS CEREMONY FORBIDDEN

Can the parties to a mixed marriage contract marriage before a minister and also before a priest? If the Catholic party marries before a minister, or before a justice of the peace, may she receive the Sacraments?
ROXBURY, MASS. D. B.

When a dispensation has been granted for a mixed marriage, it is gravely forbidden to approach a non-Catholic minister of religion for the purpose of contracting marriage, either before or after the Catholic ceremony of marriage. (Canon 1063.) This is the common law. Catholics who knowingly violate this prohibition are subject to excommunication, the absolution from which is reserved to the bishop of the diocese. (Canon 2319.) They cannot receive the Sacraments, therefore, until the censure of excommunication has been removed. In some places it is also forbidden by particular law, and under penalty, to approach a civil official, for the purpose of giving and renewing matrimonial consent. The reason why two religious ceremonies are not allowed is that it is a participation in heretical worship, and an implicit concession on the part of the Catholic that marriage as blessed by the Church is not sufficient. A non-Catholic who insists on going through another religious ceremony besides the Catholic one, either before a civil official or a non-Catholic minister, shows by that fact that there is grave reason to doubt the sincerity of his guarantee that he will remove all danger of perversion from his Catholic consort, and that he will respect her faith. Your other question should be addressed to your pastor or confessor.

KISSING: MARRYING RELATIVE: DISPENSER

(1) *Is it a sin for a girl to allow a boy whom she loves to kiss her?* (2) *Can second and third cousins marry? Here is the case. A's mother is a second cousin to B. Can A marry B?* (3) *What is the nearest relation one can marry without a dispensation?* (4) *Who under the Pope has the authority to grant a dispensation in this matter?*
NEW YORK, N. Y. N. N.

(1) Kissing in itself is lawful, but circumstances can easily make it unlawful and sinful. This is especially true in the case of boys and girls.

(2) The impediment of consanguinity, or blood relationship, extends to every degree of the direct line, and to the third degree inclusive of the indirect, or collateral, line. The third degree includes second cousins. Prior to the promulgation of the New Code of Canon Law the impediment of consanguinity extended to the fourth degree, or third cousins. But since May 19, 1918, the impediment has been restricted to the third degree of the indirect line. A is related to B in the fourth degree of the indirect line, touching the third. There is one more generation on A's side than on B's. The rule of Canon Law is that if the lines are unequal, and the longer line extends beyond the third degree, no dispensation is needed.

(3) Third cousins, as said above.

(4) The Bishop of the diocese is the ordinary source of matrimonial dispensations.

CREMATION: BURIAL AT SEA

(1) *Why does the Church forbid the practice of cremation?* (2) *Does the Church forbid burial at sea?*
LEONARDTOWN, MD. T. B. D.

(1) The Church does not forbid cremation of the corpses of the faithful because the practice is intrinsically evil, or necessarily contrary to Christian dogma, but because such a manner of disposing of the bodies of the dead is contrary to the whole of Jewish and Christian tradition, and also because it was introduced into Christendom in modern times by those who wished to destroy that traditional reverence for the bodies of the dead, and also to weaken, if not to obliterate, Christian belief in immortality and the resurrection of the body. Cremation was openly espoused by Freemasonry at Naples in 1869, and the practice of burning the bodies of the dead became a sign of adherence to the principles of the craft. The Holy See was forced to condemn the practice, lest by its silence it might be thought to connive at it, to the detriment of religion and morality. The advocates of cremation even today are largely, if not solely, avowed atheists or professed Freemasons.

Christian reverence for the bodies of the deceased faithful is due to the fact that the bodies of those who died in the Lord were once living temples of the Holy Ghost, and not merely a "bag of bones." It would be unseemly and contrary to every Christian instinct to cremate the body which was the shrine of a sanctified soul. The Church in this matter, as in many others, confirms those deep instincts of the human heart, and consigns to the earth with appropriate ceremonies the bodies of those of her children who have borne the image not only of the earthly Adam, but also of the heavenly, Our Lord.

Since cremation is not intrinsically evil, it may be allowed in extraordinary circumstances, such as during earthquakes, tidal waves, etc., when it is necessary to dispose of dead bodies quickly, in order to prevent the spread of disease. We believe that this was done in the recent tidal waves in British Honduras.

(2) Burial at sea may be permitted when the corpse cannot be kept until inhumation can be given to it.

SPIRITUAL RELATIONSHIP: UNCLE BY MARRIAGE

(1) *May god-parents marry each other?* (2) *May a god-mother marry her god-child?* (3) *Is it possible for a girl to marry her uncle by marriage? He is no blood relative?*

WINCHESTER, MASS.

D. F. A.

(1 and 2) The only spiritual relationship which is an impediment to marriage is that which arises from the Sacrament of Baptism. The impediment exists between the baptizer and the person baptized, and between the god-parents, or sponsors, and the god-child, or person baptized. Therefore, there is no impediment to marriage

between the god-parents, but there is between the god-parent and the god-child.

(3) If the man in question was married to the aunt of the girl, the impediment of affinity exists between him and the girl, and marriage cannot take place without a dispensation.

DELAYED NUPTIAL BLESSING

May a person who eloped, and was married by a priest without her parents' consent be married again at a nuptial Mass?

ASTORIA, N. Y.

A. B.

Canon 1101 says that married persons may receive the solemn blessing, even after a long time of married life. It is understood that the solemn nuptial blessing, which is to be given only during Mass, is reserved to marriages between two Catholics.

IMPEDIMENT OF AFFINITY

Is a dispensation necessary when a woman wants to marry her brother-in-law?

BRONX, N. Y.

C. R.

Yes. The impediment of affinity exists between the husband and the blood relations of the wife, and between the wife and the blood relations of the husband. Affinity nullifies marriage in all degrees of the direct line, and to the second degree of the indirect line. (Canon 1077.) In this case the impediment of affinity exists in the first degree of the indirect line.

UNBAPTIZED INFANTS: LOVE: CURIOSITY

(1) *Does the soul of a child who dies during gestation go to Purgatory?* (2) *What is meant by the expression that one has a "too natural love of creatures"?* (3) *What is meant by saying that "curiosity about forbidden things" is an occasion of sins of impurity?*

PATERSON, N. J.

M. K.

(1) The common Catholic teaching in this matter is that the souls of unbaptized infants will go to Limbo, where they will enjoy a natural beatitude. Never having been "born again of water and the Holy Ghost," they have not been incorporated with Christ nor received the habit of sanctifying grace. Consequently, they cannot be admitted to Heaven, which is the reward of grace. Only those go to Purgatory who have died in sanctifying grace, and have atonement to make to the justice of God.

(2) The nature of love is determined, not only by its object, but also by the motive which inspires it. Natural love is aroused by natural instincts; supernatural love by motions of grace. A too natural love is a love which leans too heavily, as it were, on natural motives to the exclusion of supernatural ones.

(3) Immoderate curiosity about forbidden things is an occasion of sin, especially in relation to sexual matters, because such curiosity arouses thoughts and desires which ought to be curbed rather than excited. So great is the tendency of human nature to excess in this matter that it is a dictate of natural prudence, as well as of Divine grace, to resist beginnings. The foregoing refers, of course, to curiosity which is unlawful, either as regards time or method, subject or necessity. The desire for information of the "facts of life" when pursued for legitimate ends and in lawful ways is not undue curiosity.

A CROSS WITH EVERY FAVOR?

Is it true that for every favor which St. Jude obtains he also sends a cross? I have heard this stated.

ONTARIO, CAN.

L. W.

For some reason or other statements of this kind have been made of nearly every popular Saint. We do not think that St. Jude would nullify the benefit of a favor by sending a cross to keep it company. In many cases it appears to us that judgments of this kind manifest not so much a lack of faith, as a lack of logic. Because a cross comes at about the same time as a favor, it does not follow that the cross was sent on account of the favor, any more than a person who started on a sea voyage on Friday and who suffered shipwreck on the same day, can logically conclude that the shipwreck happened because he started on Friday. Shipwrecks have happened on every day of the week, so he could not logically blame his wreck on Friday. It is the same with favors and crosses. Crosses are bound to come (Christians are professional cross-bearers) whether we receive favors from the Saints or no. If the cross happens to arrive at about the same time as the favor, don't put the blame on the good Saint. But ask him to obtain the grace to bear it with Christian fortitude.

AFFAIR OF SALVATION

If it is true that one cannot attain to eternal life unless he follows the teachings of Christ, how about people who have never heard of the Catholic religion, such as pagans? It seems unfair that these people have no chance of salvation, simply because they happen to be born into a different race and religion.

LARCHMONT, N. Y.

E. C. W.

Your first statement is true when understood in its correct meaning, which is that no man who has had the Gospel of Christ sufficiently revealed to him can attain to salvation unless he follows its teaching. This is deduced from the sanction given by Christ Himself to the Apostles, when He said: "All power is given to Me in Heaven and in earth. Going therefore teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teach them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. . . . He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be condemned." (Matt. 28:18-20; Mark 16:16.) It is equally true that every one must enter the Church in order to be saved, which is indicated in the doctrine of the Church, "Outside the Church (Catholic) there is no Salvation." But no one will be blamed for not entering into the Church, if the existence of the Church and the obligation of entering into it, has not been sufficiently made known to him.

Those who have never heard of Christ and of His Church, and consequently of the necessity of Baptism and Faith, will be saved if they live up to what they consider, in good faith, to be God's will in their regard. This question resolves itself into the obligation of following one's conscience. If conscience is followed one will be saved; if not, one will be damned. Rest assured, however, that God, "Whose mercy is above all His works," is more solicitous for the salvation of souls than we can ever be. By ways unknown to us He will arrange matters in such a manner that each one will have a chance to attain to eternal life.

Pope Pius IX, in an encyclical letter to the Bishops of Italy, August 10, 1863, answered your difficulty in words of authority. After insisting on the necessity of seeking salvation through the way appointed by God, which is through the Catholic Church, the Pontiff added: "It is known to us and to you that those who are in invincible ignorance, [that is, ignorance which cannot be dispelled] of our most holy religion, who observes the precepts of the natural law, which God has written in the hearts of all men, and who in their willingness to obey God live an honest and upright life, may, by the aid of the Divine light and grace, attain to eternal life, for God, Who beholds, searches, and knows the minds, the hearts, the

thoughts and habits of all men, in His sovereign goodness and mercy, does not permit any one to suffer eternal punishment, who is guiltless of wilful transgression of His law." We recommend an instructive pamphlet on this question, entitled, "Is There Salvation Outside the Church," by Rt. Rev. Mons. Vaughan. It is published by the International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Price five cents.

MAKING MISSION

A friend attended all the exercises of a Mission, but did not receive the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion. He claimed that God forgave him because he made an act of Contrition and asked forgiveness, and the Papal Blessing absolved him from his sins. What should I do to put him right?

NEW YORK, N. Y.

J. S.

Your friend is a peculiar type of Catholic. Ordinary Catholics are persuaded that the worthy reception of the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion is one of the conditions for reaping the fruits of a Mission. However, in order to clarify the case it is necessary to distinguish between mortal and venial, or lesser, sins. Those guilty only of venial sins have no strict obligations of confessing them, for the Council of Trent says that they may be forgiven "in many other ways." But with mortal sins the solution is different. The Council of Trent teaches that no mortal sin committed after Baptism can be forgiven without recourse to the Sacrament of Penance, or at least the desire of it. Again, Canon 906 of the Code of Canon Law says: "Each of the faithful must confess once a year, after having attained the use of reason." This Canon strictly obliges only those guilty of mortal sin. Therefore, if your friend was guilty of mortal sin he could not be forgiven without recourse to the Sacrament of Penance.

While it is true that one may obtain the remission of one's sins from God directly, by means of perfect Contrition and perfect Charity, yet these acts will not be efficacious, unless they are made with at least the implicit intention of confessing mortal sins to the priest in the Sacrament of Penance when opportunity offers. Even when sins are remitted by God as a result of perfect Contrition or Charity, mortal sins must still be confessed. This is the interpretation of Trent of the words of Christ, "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." (John 20:23.) Supposing the state of mortal sin, the faithful lose one of the greatest opportunities of obtaining remission of their sins, if they do not go to Confession during a Mission.

The Papal Blessing does not forgive sins, but grants a plenary indulgence to those whose sins have already been forgiven.

PRIVATE REPLIES

S. C.—We have never heard of the Stations of the Blessed Sacrament. Communicate with the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, Lexington Avenue and 76th Street, New York, New York.

M. E.—The Little Flower Magazine is published by the Carmelite Fathers, Oklahoma City, Okla.

C. D.—Try the Catholic Book Stores in Boston in your search for a suitable Catholic Bible. *The End of the World and of Man* by Rev. D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B., treats of the other topic.

M. H.—Communicate with B. Herder & Co., 15 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., with regard to a copy of *In Defense of Purity* by Dietrich von Hildebrand, in the German language.

I. C. P.—The Church presumes that a marriage is valid until it is proved invalid. Whether the deceit you allege is sufficient to invalidate your marriage is not for us to decide. We advise you to see your pastor.

B. J.—Let her go to confession to one priest for some length of time, and ask him to give counsel regarding her vocation.

E. W.—Inquire at the monastery for the name of the book.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

R. R., Pittsburgh, Pa.; A. D., Jersey City, N. J.; Sr. C., Mt. Lebanon, Pa.; K. T. L., Southbridge, Mass.; J. G., Monongahela, Pa.; R. McC., New York, N. Y.; C. P., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

C. R., Georgetown, British Guiana; J. D., Dorchester, Mass.; M. C. S., Coldwater, O.; G. M., Quincy, Mass.; R. A. N., Sea Girt, N. J.; T. D., Hawley, Pa.; M. C., St. Joseph, Mo.; M. L. C., Dorchester, Mass.; E. A. P., Allston, Mass.; M. V., Mt. Healthy, O.; C. G. H., Pittston, Pa.; M. E. G., Fredonia, N. Y.; E. A. McK., Salem, Mass.; L. M. McK., Kensington, Conn.; A. F., Brooklyn, N. Y.; S. D., Pittsfield, Mass.; M. L. K., Bridgeport, Conn.; M. C. S., Clifton, N. J.; M. C. K., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. M., Worcester, Mass.; M. C. M., Norwich, Conn.; T. J. G., Yonkers, N. Y.; J. M. N., Newark, N. J.; M. O., Chicago, Ill.; D. H., New Haven, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that *THE SIGN* has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10c each or 15 for \$1.

CONCERNING GIRLS WHO SMOKE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The entire contents of *THE SIGN* for August last so impressed me that I have been telling all my friends to subscribe to the magazine, as the best Catholic Monthly in the country. Then came the issue for September, and I felt the same way about that number until I came to the question and answer on page 97, anent girls smoking. I heartily disagree with your answer, and take this occasion to register my protest to the "milk and water" type of answer you gave.

You say that smoking in itself is an indifferent act for women, as well as men. I submit the following facts to prove that it is not.

The great majority of men who smoke cigarettes soon form the cigarette habit, from which they cannot break away. They spend around fifty dollars a year for a drug which cannot but harm their physical well-being. Now, a girl's body, being more delicately constructed than a man's, is therefore much more susceptible to the influence of this nicotine. Girls "get" the cigarette habit much quicker than a boy, and "get" it a lot worse. This habitual and frequent introduction of nicotine into the body of a girl cannot help but saturate her system. The average girl will marry and bring forth children. For nine months these unborn helpless infants will be united to and sustained by a nicotine-soaked body. Will not these babies be adversely affected? I have been told many times by doctors and nurses that babies born of cigarette-smoking mothers are handicapped, if not actually and positively unwell. I have also been frequently asked by these same Catholic nurses and doctors why the Catholic Church does not come out fearlessly and condemn cigarette smoking by girls, in view of the fact that it is injurious to their health, and will poison the tender bodies of their babies, when they marry and give birth to them.

I have waited for years to see in print this condemnation of girls smoking, but it has not come. Meanwhile our fine Catholic young girls are contracting the cigarette habit, from which nothing less than a miracle can free them, entirely oblivious of the fact that it is wrong in any way.

One of the finest doctors in this parish has often told me that he has known many girls who are tuberculosis patients today, with little chance of recovery, because of the cigarette habit.

One of the sins of the Fifth Commandment is to injure our health, or the health of the unborn. Since cigarette smoking is certainly injurious to the health of a girl, and most certainly sure to poison the innocent children that she probably will bring forth when she marries, I think that your fine magazine should give some of these facts to your large reading public. I am sure it would be more effective in keeping these fine young Catholic girls more like their mothers, than by telling them that the only reason some object to smoking is that it is modern, or because the Mother of God might frown on them.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

(Rev.) J. R. COLEMAN.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We thank Father Coleman for his letter, and express the hope that it will be instrumental in deterring our girl and women readers from smoking. We abhor smoking by girls and women as strongly as any one else. It must be borne in mind, however, that the question in our September issue was concerned with the morality of the practice, and not whether or not it had bad physical effects. We were obliged to answer that smoking in itself is an indifferent act, being neither good nor bad. We cannot make sin where there is none. There are enough sins in the world already.

"FATHER MALACHY'S MIRACLE"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The book, *Father Malachy's Miracle*, by Bruce Marshall, may be well called a wolf in sheep's clothing; because the title would lead any Catholic to think it was a good story about a real miracle, whereas it is an ironic, mean attack on the Catholic clergy. Therefore, any Catholic is justified in asking to have this ribald book, with the deceptive title, removed from any public library shelf. Why has this book met with the approval of the clergy and the disapproval of the laymen?

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

JOSEPHINE MULLOWNEY.

EDITOR'S NOTE: THE SIGN did not review *Father Malachy's Miracle* and has not passed any opinion on it. We learn, however, that many good and intelligent Catholics praise it as heartily as an equally large number of the same kind of Catholics condemn it.

OUTSIDE THE CHURCH NO SALVATION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In looking over one of the back numbers of THE SIGN, issue of June, 1931, I noticed that you said in the review of *The Way of the Skeptic*, by Rev. John E. Graham, page 693, "it seems remarkable, for instance, that there are still educated people who believe that the Church teaches the principle 'Outside the Church there is no salvation,' in spite of the fact that the Church has specifically condemned the belief as heretical." This struck me with peculiar force. It has always been my impression that the Catholic Church has always held that it is necessary to belong to the Catholic Church in order to be saved. Will you please tell me when the belief was condemned?

BOSTON, MASS.

T. K. KILRANE.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The principle has never been condemned as heretical. Our reviewer was in error. We take this occasion to remark that, though the principle "outside the Church there is no salvation" is true, it is very widely misunderstood, especially by non-Catholics, who charge the Catholic Church with extreme arrogance in formulating what they consider an unwarranted as-

sumption of exclusive salvation. The true meaning of the phrase is that membership in the Catholic Church is the ordinary divinely-appointed means of salvation, into which all are obliged to enter, and that those only cannot attain to salvation who *culpably* remain outside the Church. Those only culpably remain outside the Church, who knowing their obligation to enter into her, or at least gravely doubting the security of their own position, either do not enter the Church or fail to remove their doubt. On the other hand, it cannot be too often insisted on that membership in the Catholic Church does not automatically insure salvation. Catholics, like every one else, must keep the Commandments, if they desire to merit eternal life.

MISS WILLA CATHER NOT A CATHOLIC

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I call to your attention an error in the October number of THE SIGN? In "Toasts for the Month" you refer to Miss Willa Cather as "a non-Catholic writing Catholic fiction." I am pleased to inform you that Miss Cather entered the Catholic Church about two or three years ago. Your periodical elicits much commendation. The Toast idea is a welcome one. So is the change of cover.

MALDEN, MASS.

FRANCES WELLMAN POWER.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Unfortunately, we cannot claim Miss Cather as one of the Faith. On the authority of her publisher, Alfred A. Knopf, we learn that she is not a Catholic.

WHY CHRIST WAS BAPTIZED

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Surely in answering the very interesting question: "Why was Christ baptized?" in the October issue, you did not wish to imply that Jesus was really baptized, as we must be baptized, if we are to be true Christians, children of God, and heirs of Heaven. For if you did (and the answer led me to believe that you may have left that impression), then the appeal to the early Church Fathers would be out of place and quite useless. Our Lord did not receive the Sacrament of Baptism, as we know it and use it now, since there was no need of it for Christ, the Sinless One. But, if you intended to say that since Christ underwent all the religious ceremonies and practices of the Jewish religion, because He was a good Jew, among which was the "baptism of John," or the ritual of repentance unto the remission of sins, long used by the Jews, then your journey to the early Fathers was not made in vain. In other words, it was wholly in keeping with Christ's mode of acting before the law, and thus "to fulfill all justice" according to the manner of the Jews, as He did, for instance, when He willingly subjected Himself to the law of circumcision. Hence, Christ submitted to the baptism of St. John, but that ceremony was not a Sacrament. The most that we can say of this event is that Christ wished to comply with Jewish law, and to impress His followers with the need of doing penance for their sins. Not, indeed, because He Himself needed penance, but because His present action had always signified a mode of repentance among the Jews. Later on He would break with the Old Law and establish the New, as He actually did during His public ministry. It was then that the Sacrament of Baptism was instituted and given for our salvation.

BALTIMORE, MD.

(Rev.) V. J. DOWGIALLO.

EDITOR'S NOTE: If we created the impression that Jesus needed to be baptized by St. John, "unto the remission of sins," and that the baptism of John was a Sacrament, it was beside our intention. Our answer was only one of the reasons given by St. Thomas (*Summa*, III, Q. XXXIX, arts. 1 and 4) for the congruity of Jesus's baptism by St. John. For the sake of clarity we give below most of the reasons assigned by the Angelic Doctor for this event in the life of Christ.

(a) Christ was baptized by St. John, not because He needed it, being without sin, and therefore in no need of penance, but in order that He might sanctify water and give it the power of taking away sins of others. Some theologians hold that Christ instituted the Sacrament of Baptism when He was baptized by St. John. (b) Christ wished to impress upon us the necessity of imitating His example by being baptized with His baptism. As St. Ambrose says: "Let no one refuse the laver of grace, when Christ did not refuse the laver of penance." (c) "Although Christ was not a sinner, nevertheless He assumed the likeness of sinful flesh; wherefore although Christ did not need the baptism (of penance) for Himself, yet the carnal nature of others needed it, and as St. Gregory Nazianzen says, 'Christ was baptized in order that the whole race of the old Adam might be cleansed in the water.'"—St. John Chrysostom. (d) Christ fulfilled the observances of the Old Law, such as circumcision, because it was becoming that He "fulfill all justice"; that is, the Messiah should be accepted by all as a Jew who has fulfilled the law. (e) By being baptized Christ sanctioned the ministry of the Baptist, and thus inaugurated the Messianic kingdom.

SHALL WE TELL THE TRUTH?

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Why do you gayly print vile stuff in *THE SIGN*? We tell the children to be good, to keep away from dangerous occasions of sin, to avoid that man, eschew that woman. Purity, chastity, sanctity, are dear to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Fr. Joseph used to say that sins of fornication, adultery, and impure thoughts hurled into Hell more souls than all the crimes in the catalog.

We have been telling our Catholic sons and daughters who are out late at night the danger they run in being in company with men and women, and preaching purity. They pick up *THE SIGN* and point out that you make no bones about telling that Pope Alexander had a woman, several illegitimate children, and the idea is conveyed that he was a gay blade. And as if that was not enough thrilling news, you tell of an English Cardinal and his woman friend, or friends, and his clutch of illegitimate children.

If the holy priesthood can do these things, and you tell of their folly, how in the name of common sense can we prevent our boys and girls trying this stirring experiment? Many men and women will eagerly follow Alexander and Wolsey. I beg you not to do this.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

J. BELL.

EDITOR'S NOTE: May we inform our correspondent that *THE SIGN* is not primarily intended for children and that we do not "gayly print vile stuff." In answering honest questions and portraying historical characters we have told and will continue to tell the truth. When Leo XIII opened the secret archives of the Vatican library to scholars, some timorous souls expressed to him the fear that some unsavory facts about ecclesiastical personages might be revealed. The Pope answered: "*Let the world know the truth. God Almighty does not need a lie.*" That some prelates were unworthy of their sacred calling is no reason why we should imitate them. Their very unworthiness is proof positive that the Divine truth and beauty of the Church are not affected by the weakness, the corruption and scandal of some of her children, however exalted their position.

THE SOUL OF FREDERICK W. FABER

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Your short piece on Father Faber in the October issue reminds me of a letter which he wrote to M. Watts Russell, Esq., in October, 1846. Here is an extract:

"I am said to have strangled one of my monks: the story is all over the land and is believed. Mrs. R— came to see me at St. Wilfred's to 'see the man'; and glaring at me in silence like a tigress, she told Lady

Shrewsbury and Lady Arundel that I was quite capable of all she heard, and that her faith in it was established!

"A relative of Brother Anthony has sent a Scotch physician to inspect and report; the said relative has also written a letter in which I am 'an ambitious villain and a hellish ruler,' and that wherever he goes in London the 'finger of scorn is pointed at me.' God be praised! this looks like work and vocation, and a seal of heavenly love. This obloquy is what I have lately been praying for: God grant that I may have the cup of the Mount of Olives to the dregs! I never felt so utterly to belong to and to love my sweet Jesus as now. I beg you never to say a word in my defence to any one; I keep a most tranquil silence: I feel most for the poor fratelli who mourn in silly sympathy for me!"

UNION CITY, N. J.

ALICE A. GLINES.

A TITHE BOX FOR HAPPINESS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Are you trying to keep up with charity appeals? Isn't it annoying to have so many letters asking for money for this mission or for that convent, or for a certain new seminary or for a hospital, etc., etc., etc.? Who hasn't felt that twinge of conscience that causes us to wince, yet at the same time leads us to consider if we can possibly afford to help another of these unabating needs? We know that giving until it hurts, and even while it hurts, is the average Catholic's lot. Yet this is no reason for gloom, for here is an idea that will not only relieve you and me of much irksome feeling, but will also add to this doing of good, a new rich joy.

In the ancient days it was the custom for good people to give a tithe of all they possessed, i.e., one-tenth of their goods, to the Church. Let us stop to consider this. One-tenth of our salary is not so much as to deprive us of any of life's necessities. We could all probably put aside one-tenth of our salaries today without feeling any great privation. Apropos of this, I want to tell you a little story—a true story of today.

A certain man was very ill. He promised God that if he were cured, he would give a tithe of his salary to the poor. Having become well again he set out to fulfill his promise. His wife objected. She said that one-tenth was too much, that they could not afford it. She made a great scene. The husband insisted he would carry out his promise. She protested and even threatened to leave him. The man said that he nevertheless would have to carry out his promise. The wife thought it over and, probably led by the staunch example of her husband, relented.

Together they planned how to dispose of the money. They thrilled to the prospect of what could be done, what joy could be distributed by their gifts. Someone has said that "Charity is the Gateway to Heaven." Together the man and his wife entered this portal, and a richer and happier life was theirs. All they had "cast upon the waters" was returned to them "one-hundred fold."

Suppose we begin to set aside a tithe—just one-tenth of our salary. Place this in a box or a large envelope. Therein we can now simply place, as they come, letters and communications requesting our charity. Every week or fortnight we can take time to answer these appeals. The money we have left over we can use in our own creative way. This part of the performance will give us the greatest pleasure. Lean back in your chair and dream a minute of all the people whom a little surprise gift would help so much. In these days of unemployment, give a little extra help to an unemployed person, to a neglected child a little garment, to a poor man a coin for a good dinner, to a needy person a little money now and then. Think a little bit on this, and with a flash you will realize that you are inspired to do some very deserving person a good turn. Do it for the love of God, and it will be repaid you "one-hundred fold." Give joyously a tithe for God! Yes, have a tithe-box for happiness now. Let's start today.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

LEO LOGAN.

POROUS PLASTERS and WOODEN LEGS

By Ig Nikilis

Full of Wonder

TELLING the President how to run the country is a good old American custom, born by the fireside in a back-woods store, reared by journalism and qualified at length for a place among our major tendencies.



The Chief Executive ought not be offended if the obscurest citizen practices all sorts of mayhem on him—at a distance. Criticism from the humblest sources is merely one of the many thorns on which the First Gentleman of the Land must, with Hindoo stoicism, learn to sit.

Mr. Hoover evidently has mastered his lesson. The seat of honor which he fills has become, from a critical point of view, a combination of cactus plant and electric-chair, yet he lives on and looks healthy. In fact, he hardly seems annoyed or shocked at all. Here indeed must be stamina, unconsciousness or something!

Perhaps, however, there has been enough praise to sustain him; that is, if his demands in this regard happen to be very light. It must be and is conceded that he has practically and assertiveness, enough in certain directions, for his high office: maybe too much, in as far as some of his brisk solutions have proven to be no solutions at all. For instance, his policy as to the maintenance of the wage-scale has but tended to increase the depression, delay the recovery, defer the inevitable and defy the truism that half a loaf is better than no bread; his purchases of raw material artificially stabilized some prices (for a few minutes) and placed necessities afar from the depleted purse of the public; his quaintly reassuring statements on general conditions in the country lured many innocent investors back into the fatal Stockmarket and, as usual, left them holding the bag. And so, if in his very favors Mr. Hoover hasn't been very happy, what shall we have to say of him in his limitations? Hesitant, inert, bewildered at a time when a veritable super-man would hardly suffice, he evokes pity one minute and dismay the next.

Nevertheless he seeks renomination; and, America being America, he has an excellent chance of obtaining it.

One may not be wonderful at all and yet be full of wonder.

Poor John

"WHERE do you work-a, John?"
He looked at me forlorn.
"I use-a to have-a da job," he said,
"But now I Lack-a-wan."

College Psychosis

Are your relations with your professors cordial?

No. Cursory.

Diary of a College-Boy

Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday
Sunday Tired

Liquid Refreshment

The American Farmer doesn't like Prohibition. It goes against his grain. . . . Canada Dry and Coca Cola have become good friends with Prohibition. They are excellent mixers. . . . Cordial (?) shops, of which there are more than four thousand in Manhattan (!), are doing a good business. It is pathetic how the great American public is thirsting these days for a little cordiality. . . . Bootleggers are at a loss to understand why they should be criticized for putting their spirits in their



work. They don't seem to realize that often the complaint is due to the fact that they don't put enough work into their spirits. . . . It should have been Volstead, and not Louis XIV, who said: "After us the deluge." . . . Our President may be an out-and-out Dry, but his administration appears to be all Wet. . . . Past: "From every mountain-side, let Freedom ring." Present: "On every mountain-side, Speak-easy."

More Food for Thought

ON the old theory that a man's eyes are bigger than his stomach, a New York chain of restaurants keeps advertising, "All you can eat for sixty cents." Claims that no money is being lost either; for, as old Horace



once remarked in effect, the stomach of a man who has a lot and that of one who has little hold about the same amount. And, much as a hungry human may think he'd like to consume, nature has a limit beyond which it is always unpleasant to go. So that shrewd restaurateurs, putting psychology into their business by offering plenty of food with a reasonable assurance that moderation in eating will continue to prevail, are managing to survive in spite of these hard times.

Here is a salient lesson for the quaint tea-rooms that sprout all over our land, serving an infinitesimal roll, an *aqua pura* soup, a microscopic beef-steak, a midget potato, a whisker of spinach, a thimbleful of dessert and a dear little demi-tasse, and—and call it a meal! That celebrated comic order of two peas and a slice of strawberry cut thin would be almost in keeping in these tiny gastronomic retreats. But unfortunately most men—and even women—do have stomachs which would rather be filled than teased; and, for the want of some such healthy policy as, "All you can eat for sixty cents," many a cute coffee shoppe is finding to its misery that starving its patrons (at fancy prices) means doing the same to itself.

The time has come for the pretty little spots to be original and courageous: to reduce their tolls and slide some square meals onto their dainty tables. Surviving the shock, their guests would come back for more—and more. Because eat men must; and, after all, the essential of any restaurant is not atmosphere, quaintness, music or novelty, but food—food. Plenty of it, whether eaten or not, at a fair price.

Good for Nothing

THE modern idea of stripping religion from schools and substituting character is like throwing a ball up in the air and expecting it to stay there.

Character is founded on belief, and every belief must have a basis. If it is objected that innumerable great and good men have had no religious tenets in their lives, it must be answered that theirs was a basis of tradition which, in turn, rested on principles supported and published through the centuries by Christian civilization.

Not until a man is able to stand on air will it be believable that ethics



can flourish on a platform of nothing at all. Tell a pupil that he should be good because it pays; even then you are supplying character with a basis, and a paying one too—only that it is often the virtuous, rather than the virtues, that do the paying. And with this knowledge the young seeker is apt to sour on commercial morality. He wants to know why goodness should be followed even when it entails suffering and loss; and the only soul-satisfying answer to that ancient question is to be found at the place revealed to the race two thousand years ago: the Foot of a Cross.

Foolish Finance

EUROPE is just full of capital ideas these days, and, if the condition continues, there will be hardly a pin-feather left in the American Eagle's tail. To think that our canny old Uncle Sam should be added to the international sucker list—yea, and like it! nay, lead it!

The erstwhile Allied nations cannot possibly forego reparations from Germany, because, y'understand, they have to pay War-debts to Uncle Shylock; but they see not the slightest incongruity in the proposition that America cancel these debts for them and saddle them on her own meek citizenry. This, too, on top of the cool fact that, thus far, the European remissions to our Treasury have been on a basis of American credit too! And so the merry game of international "tag" goes on, with Uncle Sam always "it."

If Uncle would only pull off those false whiskers of his and stop playing Santa Claus, he would look less like a silly old goat and more like the dignified, substantial person he used to be. Europe got along well enough

without any help from this side of the globe before Wilson started dreaming his dreams, and certainly she could manage today to clean up her post-War mess without financial broomsticks necessarily made in America. It is time to chase these suave beggars out of our monetary back-yard and divest ourselves of the illusion that ours is the sole hand that must save a Continent which is covertly thumbing the nose at us.

America can best help the world by giving an example of sense and solvency, but till now she's been pathetically comporting herself as an ass on which foreign nations can conveniently saddle their burdens.

It's all so beastly! In thinking about it one's figures of speech get as muddled as the state of affairs they express. Santa Claus, broomsticks and jack-asses—all naturally commingle in a concept of up-to-date chaos.

Imagine how Theodore Roosevelt, if he were here, would act. In no time he'd have the good old American Eagle screaming with pride and authority again and the nose-thumbing nations of Europe tipping their hats. But what can we expect from over-seas in a day when real American leadership is dead and the uncrowned king of a nation that spends more on education than any other is a racketeer?

Necessary Gift

THE much-suffering Negro has not been without his friends. Rockefeller, Rosenwald, Peabody, Carnegie, Jeanes, Slater, Phelps-Stokes, du Pont and Duke—such are names like gleaming stars in a long night of



neglect. Each philanthropist has given some special gift to this people. But the only donation that is utterly fitting happens to be one which no individual, however humanitarian, can proffer. Only the nation can make it, and the presentation is now long overdue. It is the one thing that "our brothers in black" really want: Justice.

We Suggest:

THAT the next political Polyanna in pants that tells hungry men this depression is merely psychic be devoured on the spot.

That Mr. Hoover realize that he really was hired not to mother the world so much as to father the country that hired him.

That banks have speak-easies attached to them: so that, according as savings are drawn out, they may be spent in.

That the bustle be brought back, as threatened, not into style but into business.

True Story

DID you ever hear the story of the coffee planted around a boiling spring and the ripe berries falling into the bubbling waters, so that all the folk living near by had their morning Mocha and Java free?

Can't beat that for a whopper, can you—unless you're old Baron Mun-



chausen himself. But it appears that Prohibitionists, for example, take similar nonsense rather seriously. They have planted some nice must-nots around man's old hot tendencies and expect that, as the influences of their ideas drop down, peace and happiness will automatically brew for the public—or should one say "stew" for'm? Yes, stew.

Now, Prohibition may be "the buries," as the saying goes; but, if so, these "buries" seem to have fallen not into any coffee-pot but into a kind of witches' cauldron, and America is being treated to the most poisonous brews on record—at terrific prices too. Such is our modern fairy-tale, incredibly true.

A Blind Spot

MR. ALBERT HENRY WIGGIN of Chase National Bank remarks apropos of America and the world gold supply that the little boy who was such a humdinger at marbles soon had no-body to play with him.

Well, at any rate, the *petit garcon* had quite a few comrades to respect him and his ability, and that's more than can be said of Uncle Sam if he lets Europe roll him over and frisk his pockets. Our country is now in a position of financial leadership and authority. To change Banker Wiggin's simile: Uncle holds the cards, and to let the trans-Atlantic tribes trump his aces would reflect on not only the old gentleman's skill, but also his sanity.

As long as we keep our assets we need not fear that we shall "have no one to play with." Is it possible that Mr. Wiggin can't see the European hands stretched toward us in almost frenzied eagerness for just one more game?

MIXED

No. 5 in the Canon
Law of Marriage

By
Adrian Lynch, C.P.

MARRIAGES

What is a mixed marriage?

A mixed marriage in a wide sense is a marriage entered into between a Catholic and a non-Catholic. The non-Catholic may be either baptized or unbaptized. In the former case there exists between the parties the impediment of mixed religion; in the latter, the impediment of disparity of worship. Mixed religion is a *prohibitory* impediment; disparity of worship a *nullifying* impediment. In a canonical sense a mixed marriage is one entered into between a baptized Catholic and a baptized non-Catholic who is a member of an heretical or schismatical sect. Canon 1060. The prohibition of the Church to enter a mixed marriage is all the stronger when there is a question of marrying an unbaptized person, who is called an infidel. Canon 1070.

What is the law of the Church with regard to mixed marriages?

"Everywhere the Church most strictly forbids marriages between two baptized persons, one of whom is a Catholic, and the other a member of an heretical or schismatical sect. Moreover, if there is danger of perversion to the Catholic party and the children, such marriages are also forbidden by Divine law." Canon 1060.

Are there two prohibitions in this Canon?

There are: The prohibition of the Church, and the prohibition of the Divine law, that is, when there is proximate danger to the faith of the Catholic consort and the children.

Please explain.

Mixed marriages are forbidden by the Divine law chiefly for three reasons: (1) because of the danger to the faith of the Catholic party. Even when there is no proximate danger of loss of faith, there is always danger that the faith will be weakened and the party will become indifferent; (2) danger of perversion to the children, or at least that they will receive an inadequate Christian training, with the accompanying danger of indifferentism; (3) communication of a Catholic and

a non-Catholic in sacred things, because of the fact that they mutually administer and receive the Sacrament of Matrimony. The parties to a sacramental marriage are the ministers of the Sacraments.

Where does the Divine law prohibit mixed marriages?

The Divine law, as made known by St. Paul, says that Christians must not "bear the yoke [of marriage] with unbelievers." (1 Cor. 6:14.) Since the principal end of marriage is the procreation and education of children for a supernatural end, it follows that whatever impedes or prevents the attainment of this end is forbidden by Divine law. Though St. Paul spoke in the passage only of infidels, the same reason for the prohibition holds for marriages with heretics and schismatics.

If mixed marriages are forbidden by Divine law, how can the Church permit them?

The Divine law prohibits mixed marriages on the presumption that there is proximate danger to the faith of the Catholic party and the children. When, however, there is no proximate danger of this sort in a particular case the prohibition of the Divine law ceases. But even when this is the case the prohibition of the Church, which is founded on a universal presumption that there is *always* danger to the faith in mixed marriages, still remains.

Has the Church always forbidden mixed marriages?

The Church has always forbidden mixed marriages. In the beginning the prohibition of marriages between Christians and those professing a different religion, or without any religion (infidels) was very severe. But because of the great change brought about in Christendom by the so-called Reformation of the 16th century, when whole countries fell into heresy, the Church mitigated the severity of her prohibition regarding mixed marriages, though she still regarded, and does now regard, them with positive disfavor.

Does the Church forbid mixed marriages because of hatred towards non-Catholics?

By no means. The Church prays and labors for the conversion of non-Catholics, but she does not favor Catholics marrying with them, as long as they are still outside the Church. It must not be forgotten that the Church, as a perfect society, has the duty and the right to protect her own members, and that the prohibition to marry non-Catholics is directly intended to preserve the faith of Catholics. It is worthy of note that convinced and intelligent Protestants and Jews are also opposed to mixed marriages.

Will the Church dispense from the impediment of mixed religion?

The Church will not dispense from this impediment, except under the following conditions:

1. There must be just and grave reasons for granting the dispensation.
2. The non-Catholic party must guarantee that he (or she) shall remove all danger of perversion from the Catholic party, and *both* parties shall bind themselves by guarantees to baptize and educate *all* their children in the Catholic faith *only*.
3. There must be moral certainty that the guarantees will be fulfilled. Canon 1061. By means of these guarantees danger to the faith is made as remote as possible.

What are considered grave and urgent reasons for a dispensation?

In general, reasons are required which are proportionate to the gravity of the prohibition. The following might be regarded as grave and urgent: (a) if a mixed marriage would be of great assistance to the welfare of the Catholic religion. This could happen in the case of a Catholic of royal family contracting a marriage with a non-Catholic prince; (b) if there is a well founded hope that a favorably disposed non-Catholic or his family will return to the unity of the true Faith; (c) if a mixed marriage is the only way in which scandal or defamation of

character can be avoided, e. g., in unlawful pregnancy; (d) if there is danger of attempting marriage before a minister or civil official.—It is much easier to determine the gravity and urgency of the reasons for a mixed marriage in an individual case.

Do these guarantees strictly oblige in conscience both Catholic and non-Catholic, or are they only a prerequisite for a dispensation?

The guarantees demanded by Canon 1061 gravely oblige both parties in conscience, according to the tenor of the law, and for as long as the marriage endures.

Suppose that these guarantees were given, and there were just and grave reasons for a mixed marriage, would it be lawful for the parties to marry without having secured a dispensation?

A dispensation is always needed; otherwise the marriage is unlawful. This follows from the fact that mixed marriage is a prohibitory impediment.

Who is the proper authority to petition for a dispensation?

By virtue of Canon 247, dispensations from the impediment of mixed religion and difference of worship are reserved to the Congregation of the Holy Office. But bishops of dioceses in countries very distant from Rome receive delegated faculties from the Holy Office to dispense in these impediments. This is usually the case in the United States.

What is the form of the guarantees?

The guarantees are, as a rule, made in writing, and signed by both parties. Canon 1061. External proof is thus furnished of the promises of both parties to fulfill the conditions laid down for the preservation of the faith of the Catholic party and the children.

Is there any further obligation on the Catholic party beyond fulfilling the guarantees?

The Catholic party is also under obligation to try by prudent means to procure the conversion of the non-Catholic to the Catholic faith. Canon 1062. Conversion of the non-Catholic party, provided it be sincere, and the result of intellectual conviction, is the best means for securing the observance of the guarantees.

How can this be done?

First, by exemplifying the Catholic principles of faith and morality in all things. Second, by praying for the gift of faith for the non-Catholic. After all, faith is the "gift of God." (Eph. 2:8.) Third, by providing the non-Catholic with Catholic literature, especially books of instruction on the Catholic Faith. Fourth, by encouraging friendly relations between

the pastor and the non-Catholic. Fifth, by inviting the non-Catholic to attend Catholic services, especially the celebration of Mass.

Are mixed marriages really detrimental to the Faith?

The actual damage to the Catholic Faith caused by mixed marriage is hard to state, but "experience shows that deplorable defections from religion occur among the offspring, or at least a headlong descent into that religious indifference which is closely allied to impiety" is the result of such marriages. (Pius XI, *Encyc. on Christian Marriage*). It is maintained by good authorities that mixed marriages are one of the greatest, if not the greatest cause, of leakage in the Church.

Is the difference of religious faith the only reason why mixed marriages are not desirable?

Danger to the faith of the Catholic party and to the children is the principal reason of the Church's prohibition. But there are other weighty reasons why mixed marriages are not desirable. Since Christian marriage should image, or shadow forth, the union of Christ with His Church, which is complete and indissoluble, it follows that anything prejudicial to complete union of mind and heart is at the same time detrimental to a happy marriage. Difference of religious faith is more than a matter of words. It usually implies a difference of viewpoint on the obligations of the Christian life, and as a consequence a divergent view of marriage with all that marriage entails. Without a common faith there is grave danger that there will be no strong and enduring love.

Are there not many happy mixed marriages, and have not mixed marriages been a source of conversion to the Catholic church?

It is true that there have been and are many mixed marriages in which the guarantees have been faithfully fulfilled, but it may be doubted whether there have been many really happy mixed marriages. Difference of faith deeply affects the relations of husband and wife. A perpetual barrier stands between them, which becomes more perceptible with the passing of the years. Two different manners of worshipping the one True God do mar harmonious relations. Whatever may be the number of so-called happy mixed marriages, it appears certain that they do not begin to compensate for the unhappy ones. Of course, when the non-Catholic party is converted to the Catholic faith, then the marriage ceases to be a mixed one.

If such grave dangers attend mixed marriages, why does the Church allow Catholics to enter them?

Because the Church judges that it is better to allow Catholics to enter

them, provided the conditions required for a dispensation are fulfilled, in order to prevent greater evils. In every society there will be found some who are not loyal to the spirit of the society. Rather than have Catholics enter marriage with non-Catholics invalidly, the Church prescribes that bishops and pastors shall take care that they are not entered into contrary to the laws of God and the Church. Canon 1064.

Is it wrong, then, to keep company with non-Catholics with a view to marriage?

That is where the trouble starts. If Catholics about to "fall in love" with non-Catholics would mention this to their pastor or confessor something might be done in time to prevent mixed marriages.

Should not a person be guided by love instead of rigid principles of faith in regard to mixed marriages?

Love is proverbially blind or, if not blind, very short sighted. And in many cases short lived. True love needs to be guided by reason, and faith is reason supernaturalized. True love needs a firm and enduring basis which will be able to withstand the shocks that inevitably accompany marriages. Only a common faith will provide a rock of refuge in the day of trouble.

In the event that a dispensation has been obtained, is only a Catholic ceremony allowed, or are two ceremonies permitted, one in a Catholic church, and one in a non-Catholic church?

"Even though a dispensation has been obtained from the impediment of mixed religion, the consorts cannot, either before or after the marriage entered into before the Church, approach either personally or by proxy a non-Catholic minister, acting in his religious capacity, to give or to renew their matrimonial consent." Canon 1063. The Church, therefore, emphatically forbids two religious ceremonies when there is question of entering into a mixed marriage,—one before a Catholic priest, and the other before a non-Catholic minister, acting as such.

Is there any penalty for violating this prohibition?

Catholics who violate this prohibition incur excommunication, absolute from which is reserved to the Ordinary of the diocese. Canon 2319.

What is meant by the prohibition to approach a non-Catholic minister, acting in his religious capacity?

This prohibition means that in contracting a mixed marriage, after a dispensation has been obtained, there must not be two religious ceremonies of marriage. If, however, it is required by the civil law that all parties must appear before a civil official in order to have their marriages recognized by the State, the

parties to a mixed marriage may appear before such an official, even though he be a non-Catholic minister of religion. Such an act is understood to have no religious significance, being nothing more than a registration of the marriage. In other words, in a case of this kind, the minister does not act as a representative of religion, but of the State. But in this country such an instance will not occur, because the States recognize as civilly valid a marriage performed according to the rites of the Catholic Church, provided the license has been obtained, and the marriage is duly recorded. Therefore, Catholics in this country have no reason to approach a non-Catholic minister, or a lay official of the State, in order to have their marriage regarded as valid by the State. And even though it were necessary to go through a civil marriage, by virtue of civil law, Catholics should not approach a non-Catholic minister for this purpose, but a lay official, lest there be an appearance of another religious ceremony.

Is not the Catholic Church arbitrary in commanding that the marriage of her subjects, even when entered into with a baptized non-Catholic, must take place only before an authorized priest?

By no means. Marriage between

the baptized is a Sacrament (Canon 1012) and the regulation of the Sacraments, as said before, belongs solely to the authority of the Catholic Church, which Christ instituted to dispense the Sacraments. The law of the Church regarding the ceremony of marriage obliges non-Catholics only indirectly, that is, when they marry Catholics.

What can be done to prevent mixed marriages?

A great deal. First, a conviction that the Catholic faith is to be preferred to passing fancy, and that the ultimate salvation of the soul, which depends on a *living faith*, is better than the temporal benefits, should be fostered by all Catholics. Second, Catholics ought to cultivate the spirit of friendliness among themselves more than they do at present, and to be persuaded that Catholics are as likely to make good partners, if not better partners, than non-Catholics. Third, societies and clubs ought to be fostered, especially by the clergy, for bringing young Catholics of both sexes together, for the purpose of encouraging Catholic marriages. Lastly, every Catholic desirous of marriage ought to pray that God might send to each a suitable Catholic spouse. The granting of such a petition is not outside the scope of Divine Providence.

Does the legislation of the Church concerning mixed marriages apply also to marriages between Catholics and unbaptized non-Catholics?

Between baptized Catholics and unbaptized non-Catholics there arise the impediments of disparity of worship, which is a more strict impediment than mixed religion. The former is a nullifying impediment, the latter only a prohibitory one. The meaning of these terms has been explained in the chapter concerning impediments. The reason for the stricter impediment is obvious. Between a Catholic with the true faith, and one with no faith at all, there is even a wider gulf than between two Christians, professing different faiths. Surely, there is graver reason to fear that the faith of the Catholic partner and the children will suffer when one of the parties is an infidel, than when a baptized non-Catholic Christian. But if in a particular case danger to the faith is made remote, a dispensation might be obtained from the proper authority provided the prescriptions regarding mixed marriages are strictly observed.

Are mixed marriages allowed to be celebrated in the church, or only in the priest's rectory?

This question will be answered in a later chapter of this series.

JOYCE KILMER, in one of the most intimate and delightful of his friendly essays, writes of the pleasure he finds in his "inefficient library." Ours, too, is an inefficient library—at the very least a cosmopolitan bookcase.

It is not too large—our bookcase—library—nor so endowed with either extrinsic or intrinsic worth as to make it a priceless household treasure. It is neither a Boule cabinet nor a Smith-Wernicke five-foot shelf. The former is all very well for the rooms of an interior decorator, the latter for the noiseless confines of a Carnegie library. We want none of them.

No, the bookcase itself is very unprepossessing and its contents as equally modest. It was acquired by the family somewhere, I imagine, in the golden oak, Gibson-girl period, but I do not think its coming caused any neighborhood comment even then. Of course there must have been the usual and customary rites without which no piece of furniture enters a house that aspires to be a home. The north wall and the south wall of the sitting room each had their adherents as a permanent resting place for this newest addition to the household Lares and Penates. If tradition were as strong then as now, it must have been dragged from po-

A BOOK-CASE *Plus*

By Doran Hurley

sition to position that day of its first coming.

Would it look better between the windows or in the space on the side wall under Rebecca? Rebecca, you see, is another family goddess. She, or it, is a large steel engraving of that fair biblical maiden simpering coyly with nineteenth century modesty at her well and listening to the soft words of—was it Jacob? A gift from a maiden dowager cousin whom no one dares offend—the reigning spirit of the maternal clan—the good Rebecca occupies a small place in our affections, but an enormous amount of room.

Since either the lower part of Rebecca or the upper portion of the bookcase would have had to be shorn to permit of their being placed together, one suggestion at least must have received scant consideration. But eventually the bookcase was placed probably where it stands to-

day. Tradition rules with a strong hand in our house. It took the combined efforts of all the junior members of the clan to have "The Ships," like Rebecca, another pictured monstrosity, moved into the front hallway. It was only by a secret loosening of the cord on great-uncle Michael and his subsequent fall from grace and the wall that he, likewise, entered the vale of departed pictures.

The bookcase is oak, not golden oak, nor fumed oak, nor smoked oak, nor anything of that sort. It is just plain oak. It has a glass door through which nondescript bindings peer brightly and a broad flat top that serves as a convenient resting place for a gilt easel frame with an old family group, a green wood toy canoe, a malachite statuette and whatever letters the postman has delivered during the day.

From the 1st of December until Twelfth Night, however, the bookcase top becomes the soil of Bethlehem, for then comes the erection of the Christmas crib. The Holy Family, the ass, the ox, the shepherds and their sheep are brought forth from their resting place and grouped together. The bookcase takes on a new, a prideful air. Besides the undoubted honor of holding the crib, there is the worldly distinction of being, for a few brief weeks, the cen-

tre of attraction in the sitting room. Every visitor hies straightway to the crib, and most of the women neighbors pop in before Twelfth Night to view the cr  che and admire the animals new from the year before.

YET, however elaborate or however plain the exterior of any bookcase, it is the interior that truly matters, and here our bookcase, while it does not deplore its inefficiency, is proud of its cosmopolitanism. It has books that were bought and books that were given, books that were printed years ago and books but newly fresh from the publishers. It has a gap in even ranks, here and there, where a book has been loaned, and, though I shame to say it, perhaps it has a book that has been borrowed and never returned.

It holds, as far as I know, the only extant copy of Noll and the Fairies, a gilt-edged, superbly bound volume that tells, so every one who runs may read, the subconscious reactions of a six-months old child. It was given as a Christmas gift by a well-meaning aunt at a period when The Tennessee Shad or The Substitute Halfback would have been much more acceptable. Yet the pages have been cut, and everyone in the family from the heads of the household down have read at least one chapter—but only one. Whatever happened when Noll reached the end of the book must forever remain unknown.

There is a copy, too, of Paul Du Chailly's Animal Book, published in 1853, that has entertained every generation since that time, although in the light of older years it would seem that Paul knew comparatively little of the subject in hand. I know that as a small boy I held very firm convictions that if one met a lion while on the way to school or the grocery shop the thing to do was to attack him vigorously with an umbrella. It was little wonder that I felt more secure on rainy evenings than when the moon was shining. A successful termination to such an incident was chronicled by Mr. Du Chailly, and my faith in the printed word was then very strong. It was like that of some of the older generation of neighbors who were wont to confirm any story with, "Sure, didn't I see it on the paper." The paper was, of course, one of our daily journals.

Then, sooner or later, as each one of our own generation has grown from infancy, the delightful discovery has been made of Elbridge Brook's contributions to our bookcase. Like Noll and the Fairies splendidly bound, within their blue and gold covers they are a dire disappointment. One book tells of the American soldier, the other of the American Indian. They sound too good to be true for an eight year old boy or a ten year old boy. And they are, indeed, for in them color is sac-

rificed to statistics, and tale and anecdote of interest are curiously lacking. I still remember how disgusted I was when I could find no mention either of Paul Revere or Barbara Frietchie. At nine I was positive in my knowledge that the one had won the War of the Revolution, the other the War of the Rebellion.

As it is, the anatomical treatise on Diseases of the Horse, on a lower shelf, is vastly more interesting. And that we always found of exceptional dullness, with Legislative Enactments for 1893, the gift of a political friend to the head of the household, just as the horse book was the gift of a sporting friend. It is never disturbed unless to be dusted or to serve a child visitor in lieu of the departed high-chair now gracing some even humbler dwelling.

On an upper shelf is a book that I once carried home in triumph as a reward for achieving a high mark in our Catechism examination. It is "The Best Foot Forward" by Father Finn, and close beside it is the Manual of Christian Doctrine from whose paragraphs I gathered the learning to win my prize. I never see Father Finn's book now without recalling how grievously I and the two boys next door misread his gentle moral teaching. In one of his stories he relates how a group of boys in their anxiety to be model Christians upturned the cart of a Jewish peddler, or did some similarly misguided act. I know that Father Finn points out the wrongness of the act, but at eleven one skips moralizing just as one skips descriptive passages. Since the boys in the book did it, and since we admired the boys in the book, therefore we should not be lacking in Christian bravery. We, too, should fight for our religion, and give the heathen Paynim no quarter.

We had no applecarts in our neighborhood, but on our way to Sunday school having read the book together after studying our Catechism in the morning, we armed ourselves with stones. Half-way down the street to church we found a small stable where a little Jewish delivery man kept his horses. Stone after stone we hurled against the building, with loud reports, until the horses inside were neighing in fright. Until, in short, the little peddler pursued us down the street, and we darted into church finding it indeed a place of sanctuary.

WE were still certain enough of our right in the matter to feel such a healthy Crusader-like glow that we promptly told Sister Mary William who was, if I remember rightly, instructing us in the Beatitudes. Sister Mary William was not appreciative, so very non-appreciative in fact, that we spent the Sunday school hour kneeling like penitents on the

hard sanctuary steps. Some penance.

The great, gilt-clasped family Bible is in the bookcase, also, with its record of births and deaths, on the pages separating the two Testaments. There, too, is the equally ponderous Life of the Blessed Virgin, dating in all probability to the very beginnings of the family life in this country. It was the one book that the first of the travelling book agents found easy to sell to an Irish Catholic housewife, fifty or sixty years ago. The other shelves all hold their store of treasures. It is true there are no first editions, no presentation copies, nor any trace of incunabula. But there is Mother's copy of "Little Women," with a frontispiece showing the March girls hanging over the "go-abroad" trunk, which Meg is filling for her visit into society. "Tom Brown" and "Stover at Yale" find ready kinship together, alike even their frayed bindings and wellworn pages.

A LITTLE group of green-bound volumes carry the folklore of the old land—"Knocknagow" and "Handy Andy" and the fireside tales of Seumas McManus. John Galsworthy's "Pigeon" is there, also, and a volume of Bliss Carman's poems. A ragged volume scratched and marked with crayon is the first book that I ever owned, a Hiawatha primer, really owned, that is, since a special journey downtown was made to buy it.

A row of Chatterboxes bring back vividly the spell of Christmas and a new and bright-colored edition, with perhaps a story of Masefield's Jim Davis. I can recall the disgust we felt when on a visit to the public library we found that one of our favorite authors was chiefly revered as a poet. We knew then what it meant to throw away one's birthright for a mess of pottage.

It would take a Masefield, or a Holmes, I realize now, to make a catalogue of books interesting to the general public. It is the bookcase, after all, which really adorns my tale. The books have already had their moments of public approval or disapproval.

Our bookcase is not grand, nor is it worthy of too great praise. It would be scorned by a collector, perhaps even sneered at by the second-hand man. Yet its glass doors have swung upon unhappy hours for our household. And as I have often seen it, crowned with its little stable, with Mary and Joseph and the Infant God, with the Christmas candle bathing it in soft light, it is far more than a container of books, more than an article of furniture. It is a household possession, an essential part of our home. In serving our needs and our pleasures it has won our deepest affection. With the Lady Rebecca it has become a household deity—a minor god of the home.

ROOTS

By
Jerome Harte

GENEVIEVE thought: "What terrible things poverty does to people! She and Joseph were no more the same individuals they had been a year ago, when they were prosperous!"

Oh, of course, if you had always been poor, perhaps poverty didn't do quite the things to you that it had done to Joseph and to her. If you had always lived in tenements and in slums and begun life by being hungry and hard-up, poverty did things to you, but the things it did were in the warp and woof of your being, and life itself gave you time to get used to them, time to rise above them. Joseph and she had had no time. They had never been poor before.

In the home of her parents there had been much talk about being "poor." Genevieve could still hear, across the years, her mother's plaintive voice: "Girls, I know you need new party clothes, and I do wish you to have them, but I don't know where the money is coming from!" Indeed, she did not know, but the money always came. The girls always had the new party dresses and capes and satin slippers that their hearts desired. Her father had been able and willing to work with his hands, as Joseph could not; her father had always brought in "good money," been a "good provider," and had enabled her mother to set an "ample table" and give her children "every advantage."

Until now, Genevieve had never been hungry or ill-clad . . .

She soused the jumble of silk stockings up and down in the murky water of the wash tub; she lifted and wrung them out, one by one, and hung them over a line in the kitchenette. But why had she washed them so painstakingly, she wondered. There were not two in the lot that would make a whole pair! A year ago, she would have thrown them all out and gone downtown and bought herself at least half a dozen new pairs.

A year ago! It seemed like an eternity ago!

She sighed and stared at the line



Illustrations by
T. R. Booth

She soused the jumble of silk stockings up and down in the murky water of the basin.

of stockings. Oh, well, perhaps she could salvage two that she could dip in dye until they were of one color, two that would not have too many runs in them.

But she was so sick of working and worrying! What was the use of it all?

THE telephone rang, breaking in upon her frowning discontent. She dried her hands upon her apron—she was in no hurry to go to the instrument. It was the noon hour and Joseph still called her at this time, if he had a nickel to spare. Once, his daily message had meant more to her than anything in her day, except his safe home-coming at night, but she did not care any more what happened to him. That was one of the terrible things poverty had done to her!

It was not Joseph on the wire. The cheerful, hearty masculine voice that sounded in her ear when she took the receiver off the hook did not belong to a man who had lost his job, whose savings have melted away, whose soul is weary and whose stomach is empty;—the man who was calling her was one who did not live in fear of the morrow, for his

fortunes were secure, and he could greet her gaily.

"Hello, hello. What is the good news today? Is the lovely Genevieve going to have tea and dance with me this afternoon, or are the fates good and will she be able to make it dinner?"

His abounding high spirits irritated her for a moment, and she answered him a little sharply.

"You know I cannot dine with you! Joseph comes home at seven!"

"Tea, then, Cheerio! Seven gives us time for a nice tea and many dances, if you will come early enough. I heard of a new place today. They say the food is wonderful and the music simply great!"

She said what she had never meant to say, did not wish to say,—she could have bitten her tongue for it!

"I can't go! I haven't a decent rag to wear,—not even one whole pair of stockings!"

SHE heard his little "tchew! tchew!" It was a way he had of clicking his tongue against his handsome white teeth when he was about to tease her.

"Ah, Florrie McFlimsy, dear!" he



She lifted the gown from the box and held it against her. It was the color that best became her.

cried, "and would you deprive me of a sight of your sweet face for any such fool reason as that? I'll not stand for it, woman! Meet me at the top of the subway stairs on the Plaza side at four-thirty sharp,—and don't you dare keep me waiting!" He hung up on the last word, giving her no time to tell him that she would not, could not come.

But he knew she would meet him—knew that she looked forward, avidly, to the big tea he would buy her. Dan Bartle knew that she was hungry!

She put the receiver back on its hook and sat there before the dusty telephone table, leaning her head against the wall, while slow tears

gathered in her eyes and glistened on her cheeks. Miserably she thought back over the weeks that had brought her to the hour of this telephone message.

It began that afternoon when she was walking all the way home from Thirty-fourth Street—to save carfare. Joseph had been out of a job months, then, and their savings were almost exhausted. A nickel was precious metal!

It was late afternoon and Park avenue was filled with opulent motors and expensively-gowned women and girls; it was spring, and in the central court of an apartment house, she was passing, flowers bloomed and

a fountain played its crystal shower. Her feet faltered at the sight. She was so spent with weariness that she ached to turn into that court and lie down upon the very ground there!

And then, suddenly, she recognized the building. She had gone there the winter before with Joseph to a reception given by a bachelor named Dan Bartle. Joseph had met him in business. Dan was rich, charming, attractive; he lived in a handsomely-furnished apartment that was run efficiently for him by two Japanese servants. And the afternoon had been gay and amusing. She remembered that people—women especially—said Dan was "at home" often; one woman who was there without her husband said to Genevieve: "I always make it a point to drop in on Dan when I am passing! He is sure to be home between four and six. One is always so tired and hungry after a shopping bout, and Dan's teapot and cocktail shaker, I know, will be full!"

SUDDENLY that spring afternoon, as Genevieve stared in longingly at the flowering court, she remembered the woman's words and she said to herself: "Why shouldn't I go in now to call upon him? He would give me hot tea with cream in it, and cinnamon toast, and little iced cakes—there is no harm in my dropping in on him, other 'nice' women do it; and oh, I am so hungry!" Her feet turned into the court, almost of their own volition; she hurried along the flagged walk to the entrance of the section where Dan Bartle lived. She thought: "There is no harm in it! It is bad taste, perhaps, but what have bad taste and good taste to do with me when I am hungry?" The doorman evinced no surprise when she asked for Mr. Bartle. Dan had many women callers!

He sent down word that she was to come right up. He was standing in his doorway when she got off the elevator; behind him she could see a bright fire burning in his grate and tea things laid out before it. The sight made her feel faint. She said,

"I was in the building looking at apartments—Joseph and I think of moving and I came up to ask you if you could recommend this house!"

She knew he knew that she was lying, as everybody knew that Joseph was out of a job and that they had no money! But she didn't care. She felt that she had to "save her face."

She had never in her life drunk so many cups of tea or eaten so many pieces of toast and little iced cakes at one time as she consumed that afternoon before Dan Bartle's crack-

ing fire. He seemed to understand. He pressed her to eat more, and still more; and when she left, he said, "We must have tea together often!"

But she had never gone to his apartment again. He seemed to understand that, too, when she refused his invitations there; he had taken, instead, to asking her to have tea with him at some hotel where they could dance; and she had fallen into the habit of accepting those invitations. Twice, when Joseph was out of town hunting for a job, she had dined with Dan.

At first, she meant to tell Joseph. And at first, she hoped that Dan Bartle would say, "Bring Joseph with you to tea! Perhaps I can put him on to something good!" But he never mentioned Joseph. And then, after awhile, Genevieve thought only of herself and how good it was to get out of the two dark, grimy, grubby, wee rooms in Queens, where she now had to live, and where she was so lonely; she thought only of her own pleasure in going places that were well heated and lighted and fragrant with the perfume of flowers and of well-groomed women; where there were music and laughter. Joseph had not had money enough to take her even to a movie in nearly a year! . . .

She got up and went into the bedroom of the small, mean apartment; she opened the door of the one cramped clothes closet and took out a black lace dress. She held it up against the pale light of the one window in the room. Well, perhaps she could darn it so it would do service for one more afternoon! She had been saying that of the black lace for two years, now!

She got her needle and thimble and thread and sat down very close to the window; she began to mend the torn places in the shabby frock. The tears had dried on her face and hard lines had come around her mouth, her thoughts flew ahead of her needle and, flying, fed her self-pity. "What a fool I am to stick it out!" she told herself. "Dan Bartle is in love with me; I could marry him, if I were free, and I would no longer be hungry and shabby!" The world was full of women who had divorced men who could not support them. It was absurd that she should be compelled to stay married to a failure simply because of an accident in birth! Had she asked to be born into a Church that refused to recognize divorce?

It wasn't as if Joseph were a Catholic, too. Hers had been a "mixed" marriage. But the trouble of her marriage did not lie in the "mixed." It lay in her choice of a man who could not make a success of himself;

it lay in the want his failure had brought to his wife.

She sighed and threaded her needle, again. Joseph believed in divorce! She had heard him say, more than once, "If two people cannot live in harmony together, then let them part!" He would be willing to have a divorce, once he knew that she was through.

Though, to be sure, she and Joseph really still lived in harmony together, —even now that she almost hated him. He had an even temper and a great tolerance. If she wept and stormed, as she did so often these days, he went quietly away and walked the streets until she had

calmed down. And he always kissed her goodnight, afterwards.

She was sorry for Joseph. But oh, she was far sorer for herself! She shook the lace dress and held it against the light, again. It would have to do! She had no more time to spend on it!

She went into the kitchenette and matched up two of the least badly worn stockings on the line; they were of different colors and she dipped them in the dye and made them alike; then she lighted the gas oven and hung them before it to dry.

When she had bathed and had a shampoo and was drying her hair before the gas oven, she thought,



"Sorry if you have misunderstood the intention of my little dancing and tea-ing dates with you. You've been just a little naive, Genevieve!"

suddenly, "I wonder if Joseph knows I am 'running around' with Dan!" The phrasing of her own thought made her cheeks flame. Why should she talk that way about herself to herself? She was doing nothing wrong—

ANYWAY, how could Joseph find out, unless she chose to tell him? Poor fellow had no friends, any more! A man does not when he is out of a job. Other men are seeking the companionship of men who are successful in business life,—men who can help *them*. Human nature was brutal.

She was brutal. She would not be dragged underneath the surface of life's stream by her husband, the millstone around her neck, just because she had married him years ago when she was too young to know his kind of man always fails! Divorce might not be an estimable institution,—the Catholic Church, her Church—might be right about it; but divorce was the only legal means by which a wife might rid herself of the millstone! . . .

She was combing her hair when the front doorbell rang. She hurried to the summons. Outside in the mean hallway, a delivery boy stood with a huge box under his arm. "You've rung the wrong bell!" she told him, sharply. "I'm not expecting a package!"

But he thrust the box at her.

"You Mrs. Armitage, aincha? Sign here!"

She signed her name in wonder. Then, she carried the box into the bedroom and undid it. Inside, folded in tissue paper, lay one of the loveliest afternoon gowns she had ever seen, and with it a pair of sheer silk stockings and a card addressed to

"Mrs. Flora McFlimsy." Her face went hot. How dared he!

But she lifted the gown from the box and held it against her. It was the color that best became her, and she knew, instinctively, that it would fit. Dan had once said to her, "You are a perfect thirty-six." She was.

She tried the gown on, thinking, "He has no right to take it for granted that I would accept such a present from him! I'll send it back! I won't meet him this afternoon!" But all the time, she was dressing herself carefully in the lovely gown and the sheer silk stockings, and she knew that she was going to wear it and was going to meet Dan.

Oh, she was no more the same personality she had been a year ago! It was as though an evil spirit had come while she slept and had stolen out of her body the clean, white, decent soul that had always been hers and had substituted for it this mean, sordid, disloyal spirit she now bore!

She didn't really care!

SHE brushed her only pair of slippers and twisted a gay little old hat until she had made it look like one of the season's latest. She looked very lovely when she came out of the subway and found Dan Bartle waiting for her. He took her hand and tucked it beneath his arm. "Dear Florrie McFlimsy," he cried, "you look like a million dollars and the belle of the ball!"

"You shouldn't have done it, Dan!"

He chuckled and patted her hand.

"Why should I not give lovely things to a lovely girl? One buys toys for a child—woman is a child,

and beautiful clothes are her toys!"

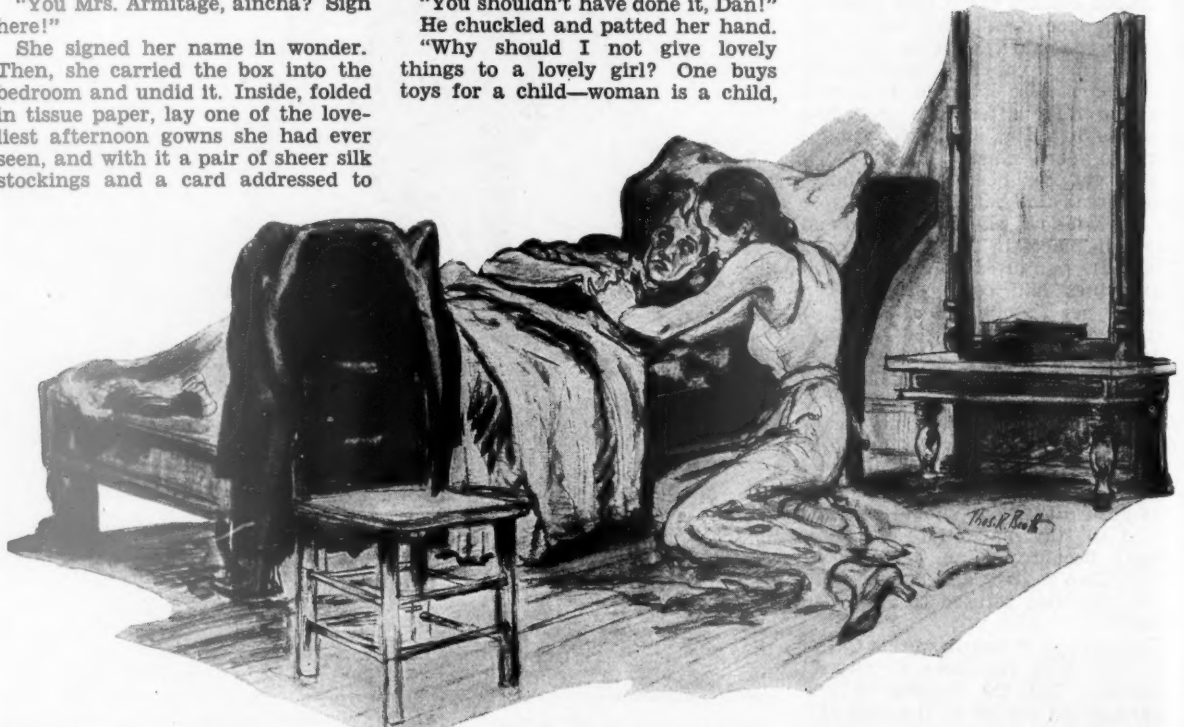
His car stood at the curb and they drove through the autumn coloring of Central Park and, swiftly, a little way out of town. It was a gorgeous day and Genevieve put out of her mind every thought, every sensation, except keen enjoyment of the moment and of her beautiful new clothes. She and Dan laughed and talked about nothing at all; she remembered that she and Joseph had been like that, long ago, when they were prosperous. They had been "companionable."

But how can two people who are hungry and frightened be companionable? Joseph and she no longer talked and laughed together! Only she and Dan could do it. . . .

THE new place came up to expectations. Dan bought her a big tea that was nothing less than a supper; she would not have to eat again tonight! Joseph could have all of that awfully poor, tough beef she had made into a tasteless stew for tonight! Dan and she danced and danced.

And he told her that he loved her. He had not told her that before. Genevieve said,

"I have known for a long time that you did. And I felt guilty and ashamed, for I have been glad and that has made me untrue in thought to Joseph. But today while I was getting ready to come to meet you,



His face looked so white and thin that he frightened her and she went quickly to his side and took one of his hands.

I faced the whole matter squarely, frankly. Just because I happen to have been born into a religion that will not recognize divorce is no reason why my whole life should be ruined! I can leave the Church! And I will divorce Joseph and marry you, Dan."

THE man across the table from her gasped, and all at once Genevieve knew that marriage was the last thing he had been thinking of when he made his declarations of love! She said "Oh!" in a little moaning sound, and put one hand to her throat.

He leaned toward her and covered her other hand as it clutched the edge of the table.

"Steady, my girl!" he muttered. "We both seem to have got one another dead wrong in this little affair of ours! I always thought no Catholic woman would divorce her husband and marry another man; that it was the *last* thing she would do!"

"I have my own code," Genevieve choked. "It is worldly and un-Catholic, if you will, but I demand a position that is respectable in the eyes of the public. . . ."

He drew back from her.

"The little old matrimonial ball and chain is one thing I will not get tied to me!" he said, with finality. "Sorry if you have misunderstood the intentions of my little dancing and tea-ing dates with you. You've been just a little naïve, Genevieve!"

"Yes, I know," she whispered. She tried to powder her nose, but her hands were shaking and she gave it up. "Will you take me to the nearest subway station so that I may go home? My husband will be—back—at seven."

"Oh, I'll drive you home!" he said, coldly.

They exchanged no other word during the long way back. He drove his car with great care but at great speed, and the air, as it streaked back and by them, stung Genevieve's cheeks. She bit her lips to keep the hot tears from falling.

When they drew up before the mean apartment house where she lived, she got out, quickly. She did not look at Dan, but she said,

"I feel that I ought to apologize to you for eating your good food these many weeks . . . and entirely misunderstanding the basis of your philanthropy!"

He laughed, shortly. "Your kind of a woman is not a good sport!" he said, and drove off.

Genevieve let herself into the apartment. Joseph was already home, lying full length on his back on the shabby couch in the living room. His hands were folded across his breast

and his eyes were closed. His face looked so white and thin that he frightened her and she went quickly to his side and took one of his hands. "Joseph!" she screamed, and bent over him.

He opened his eyes and looked up. "I had a little heart attack in the subway," he gasped. "It was nothing. I am all right, now." He tried to lift himself up, but she pushed him back.

"You mustn't move!" she wailed. "Oh, you have not had a heart attack in so long!"

He grimaced.

"I have not told you about them," he said, wearily.

"You are hungry, Joseph," she accused:

She straightened up and took off her hat.

Man's Day Is Brief

By Martin A. Kraff, C.P.P.S.

MAN'S day is brief. There are three things

To fill it with mystic murmurings:
Pain whispers music in his ears,
And Littleness the echo bears,
While Love the solemn burthen sings.

A child, he takes his life, and flings
It free unto the winnowings
Of angel pinions, ere he fears
Man's day is brief.

Then, scarce aware, faint flutterings
Within his heart foreboding brings;
And Love rests warm, and counts his
tears,

Fair Pain accompanies all his years,
Till death the clarion message rings:
Man's day is brief.

"I will get you something," she said. She went into the disordered bedroom and took off the new dress and the chiffon stockings; she found a coarse little house gown that was clean and put it on and thrust her bare feet into old house slippers.

She went into the kitchenette, and while the water was boiling, she took down her silk stockings from the line and folded them neatly together and put them away in her workbasket. Then she made tea for Joseph and poached him an egg and toasted him bread.

She would not let him sit up. She crouched on the floor beside the couch and fed him. He felt better when he had eaten. He said,

"Marriage is a strange institution! I had been lying here thinking about it before you came in. Marriage goes down deep into the roots of your being. When a man and girl marry, I think their souls take root together in the very things that surround them—the things that go to make up their home together. Last year, when we had to sell our stuff at auction, I felt that little bits of you and of me were being sold with them! It hurt to have bits of us carried off, like that, into the homes of strangers!

"And then these two dingy rooms here,—you have made them our home, and our souls have taken root all over again, as they took root in the old apartment! I'd hate to have us up-rooted!"

She bent her head over his dishes. "Why should we be up-rooted?" she asked.

He did not answer for a moment. Then he said, "Well . . . divorce up-roots, you know. I've often thought that was why your Church is so dead set against divorce. After all, roots are an important thing in religion. There must be roots.

"But there must be happiness, too, Genevieve, and I will not stand in your way if it is your happiness to up-root you and me that your soul and Dan's may take root together in the kind of home he can so well afford to give you!"

SHE cried out and crushed both hands against her trembling mouth. He knew she had been running around with Dan! "Joseph!" she wailed, "you can't believe I have done anything wrong!"

He reached up and drew her hands from her mouth.

"The roots, again," he murmured. "The roots of your religion. No, my dear, I have not had any doubts of you! You could not do wrong as other women do it—women without your traditions. I've only feared for you because of my own incompetence and because I do not really know what manner of man Dan Bartle is. Your happiness is the only thing that matters,—your happiness, that must not conflict with your conscience."

She laid her face against his hands as they held hers and wept bitter tears.

"I love you, Joseph!" she sobbed.

"And I love you, too," he told her, gently. "Two people who have loved and married can never thereafter destroy the roots of marriage . . . entirely."

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

A HISTORY OF THE POPES. By Ferdinand Hayward. Translated from the French by the Monks of St. Augustine's Abbey, Ramsgate. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York. \$5.00.

The *History of the Popes* is a subject so vast that an attempt to compress it into a single volume means the inevitable omission of much that is of prime importance even for a mere review. M. Hayward's volume is, therefore, necessarily sketchy. It has been with him a selection of certain highlights upon which he has dwelt with emphasis, while whole epochs pass before us as little more than pictures in a swiftly moving show.

When this is said, however, all is said in the way of adverse criticism. Within the limits open to him the author has shown unusual discrimination and a wholly admirable sense of proportion. The figures and events he has chosen to deal with at more length are those he should have chosen, and he possesses the rare ability to make the times of which he treats live again.

It is a mighty history, the mightiest, save for a single episode—the life of its Divine Originator—in the history of the world, for, even apart from its religious significance, its eternal correspondence with heaven, it is evidently the core and motive of Western civilization, without which the latter had been impossible. To the eye of infidelity almost as much as to that of faith the history of the Popes is the history of Europe and involves a consideration of practically every important movement on the Continent and the British Isles.

This fact is present in the mind of the author, and we have an exceedingly compact survey of the ever changing powers that surrounded and affected the eternal Church. Especially well done is the period between the reign of Constantine, when the Church became the official religion of the Empire, and the crowning of Charlemagne as Emperor of the West. This long period—we are apt to forget how long those early periods were—is admirably done, the relationship between the Emperor in Constantinople and the Pope, with the growing power of the latter, which led eventually to the great Schism, becomes clear to the modern observer, and the miracle of the Church's triumph over the multitude of heresies is vividly sketched.

For this modern busy world, which must snatch such time as it can from worldly affairs to do its reading, nothing could be more opportune than this compact volume.

ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE SIGN. ADD TEN PER CENT OF PRICE FOR POSTAGE

A COMPENDIUM OF THEOLOGY. By the Very Rev. J. Bertier. Translated from the French by the Rev. Sidney A. Raemers, M.A., Ph. D. B. Herder Book Company, St. Louis. \$2.75 net.

The task attempted by the Very Rev. Father Bertier, Founder of the Missionaries of the Holy Family, of compressing the teaching of Catholic Theology into one volume of less than four hundred pages is an all but impossible one; nevertheless his attempt has given us a most valuable work, though it should prove of more value to one who needs but to refresh his mind as to these truths rather than to one who, for the first time, is undertaking their study.

The plan of the work is very well devised and proceeds logically step by step from the general to the particular in a manner illustrative of the philosophical order of which the French mind is peculiarly the master. The introduction is at once a definition and a review of philosophy in the strict sense of the ground which it covers and its method of functioning, and in this section the author is at his best. From this as a beginning—Philosophy is called the handmaid of Theology—the relation of it to its divine mistress is worked out and the analysis of the relation of reasonable proof to Revelation is admirable.

Not quite so satisfactory, perhaps, are the further steps leading to the particular truths taught by the Church, but here the difficulties of

limited space are at their height, that is practically insuperable.

From the standpoint of awakening interest in his subject and stimulating his readers to undertake a more extended study of it too much cannot be said, and for the rest it is the highest praise to acknowledge that the author has approached more, rather than less, nearly the impossible.

THE CLIMBING PATH. By Louis C. Whiton and Corinne Harris Markey. Alfred H. King, New York. \$2.00.

The Climbing Path is a story of a yesterday that seems almost more remote than antiquity, a story of New York in the days of our parents, before the introduction of modern machinery had altered the great city from a community in which the human factor was at its height and expressed itself in striking personalities, brilliant and eccentric, to the perfectly working mechanism that it is today, in which the individual seems subdued into oblivion.

It is also a story of a young Irishman who comes to this city and by dint of his personal force and intelligence raises himself to a position of importance in the New World. The adventures of this man, in many ways an engaging figure, form the thread upon which to hang a sort of historical romance in which many of the freak characters of the period move and act more or less characteristically.

The story is well told, yet the reviewer feels that there is a certain disproportion in it that robs it of much of the value it might otherwise have had. That disproportion comes from an emphasis that is not discriminating. It is what in those days might have been termed "flap-doodle," the attitude of one who can see no wrong in the cause or people for whom he is enthusiastic and very little right in anything else.

Even as the words are written the reviewer realizes that they give too strong an impression. The authors are by no means intentionally unfair, they often treat with great tolerance the weak or even the wicked. Nevertheless, in the main, the stricture is true; their ideals are the ideals of the multitude, the ready-made, standardized ideals, too close adherence to which robs the book of originality.

THE SWORD OF GOD: JEANNE D'ARC. By Guy Endore. Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., New York. \$3.50 Net.

No more notable book than *The Sword of God* has come from the pen of an American author in some years, notable, especially, in the fact that

<p>HILAIRE BELLOC'S THREE GREAT BIOGRAPHIES</p>	
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it seems to link up the Catholic literature of this country with the general revival of Catholic culture that is rapidly spreading throughout the entire world, and that without losing the individuality of our national type of expression.

Mr. Endore's work is divided into two sections: the plain story of St. Joan as the author sees it from his obviously wide research and familiarity with the whole literature of his subject, which is followed by a section entitled *Discussion* of more than a hundred and fifty pages in which he defends his interpretation of the story.

Mr. Endore's method is obviously the logical one. He takes the documents of St. Joan's time and the period following and gives the story as it is there told without the skeptical interpretations of a later and alien age—after all there is no other source from which the story may be derived—and then proceeds to support this version against a skepticism which does not hesitate to invent episodes or even to introduce new and wholly imaginary characters into the action simply because it refuses to accept a narrative which runs counter to its prejudices. His method is that which has always been employed in the writing of Catholic history, reference to original sources, the method by which alone true history can be set down. The recent, so-called scientific writers have been pleased to regard the original, popular version as a myth, but mythology involves subsequent invention and, if there is any mythology of Jeanne d'Arc, it is that which the skeptical writers of our own day have erected.

Quite recently there have appeared two important works on the subject of St. Joan, Bernard Shaw's much discussed play and Mr. Belloc's brief story. The play, as might have been expected and in spite of Mr. Shaw's verbal sympathy, is absolutely out of tone with the popular sentiment, and, though he modestly remarks that the wind of the Middle Ages blows through his pages, is a mere travesty of what history gives us. To compare it to Mr. Endore's fine story is like comparing the caricature of an enemy to the loving portrait of a friend. Mr. Belloc's story is the simple setting down of the facts with that peculiar power of simplicity of which he is the supreme master in our day. Mr. Endore nowhere reaches the sheer force of Belloc in his presentation but has none the less given us a wealth of detail and local color that goes a long way to compensate us. The atmosphere created in his book combines the delicacy of a fairy story with the extraordinary matter-of-fact outlook of the time of which he writes and is wholly commendable. Here, indeed, we may

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feel the "wind of the Middle Ages."

That part of his book which he calls *Discussion* is done with a great deal of skill. Mr. Endore evidently enjoys his task and he has a peculiar mental knack, one might call it a Yankee knack, of turning the arguments of his enemies, the enemies of St. Joan, the enemies especially of her Voices and all the miraculous factors in her story, back against themselves eminently refreshing to the sympathetic.

That period of French history leading up to and accompanying the Reformation is receiving a great deal of attention on the part of Catholic writers just now and Mr. Endore has something about him that reminds one not a little of Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis whose works on the period of Louis XI have delighted us. It might almost be said that the Saint of whom our author treats was the last of great purely Mediaeval figures and that the line dividing the reign of Charles VII from that of Louis XI marked the transition from the old order to the new. In the study of the social factors then molding Europe we have an object lesson of the highest practical value to ourselves in this our period of transition. We cannot have too much of this sort of writing and Mr. Endore seems exceedingly well qualified to provide us with it.

HEALTH THROUGH WILL POWER. By James J. Walsh, M.D. The Stratford Company, Boston. \$2.00.

Dr. Walsh is always interesting and in this volume he takes up a subject of paramount interest to us all, namely, what we can accomplish for our health by the power of will. As the author suggests, the will is suffering something like an eclipse in our modern psychology, the most advanced theories denying it to us altogether, yet here is a book by an authority on the subject of therapeutics who tells us that a developed will may cure us of disease and bring our bodies and minds to a state of health, not merely, mark you, through enabling us to avoid the inimical and seek the beneficial, but by the direct effect of its mere exercise.

It is an encouraging, an inspiring thesis, holding out to all of us a message of help among the multiform cares of today. Especially interesting is the chapter on *Pain and the Will* which throws light on many difficult problems some of which are quite outside the range of health. That this is so leads one to hope that perhaps our great author may have another volume or so up his sleeve which may connect this subject of health and the will with the even more important matter of the relation of these things to the Grace of God and our supernatural life.

BODYGUARD UNSEEN: A TRUE AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Vincenzo D'Aquila. Richard R. Smith, Inc., New York. \$2.50.

The reviewer is left somewhat helpless in face of this curious story, the sub-title of which is *A True Autobiography*, not because the events are impossible per se—all things are possible with God—but because the writing of these marvels down somehow fails to carry conviction.

The story is that of a young Italian who, living in America, returned at the call of his country to aid in its defence during the Great War. Before he reaches the front he registers a vow not to shed blood and from that time on events which can hardly be laid to coincidence and powers little if any short of miraculous given to him, enable him to perform that vow without serious results to himself.

The present writer is the last to suggest that such a thing is incredible; on the contrary he is a firm believer in the miraculous as must any good Catholic be. Wherefore, then, the doubt which he cannot banish? It is to be regretted that some outside testimony was not adduced in proof of these strange things by the publisher if not by the author himself.

The element of doubt unquestionably comes in the psychology of the writer, a psychology that combines the strangest contradictions. In the first place the mind of the author seems never to have grown up. He writes as a child might write whose experience has never taught it incredulity. He believes apparently anything that is told him and swallows whole the most opposite of tales without discrimination.

But this, it may be said, is no evidence against the truth of his own statements about facts which he has himself observed. Quite true. We have the highest authority in the world that it is the child's faith that works miracles, the child alone who enters the Kingdom of Heaven. Yet the simplicity of the author is not quite of that perfect type that we look for in the denizens of Heaven. There is about it a certain self-sufficiency that negatives its power to convince. The reviewer, at least, cannot feel sure whether this particular child has performed a miracle or is merely self-deluded. It is not suggested here that the tale is not sincere—the author believes it; but the reviewer, well, he would appreciate some outside evidence.

CONFERENCES ON THE INTERIOR LIFE, Volume IV. By the Rev. A. M. Skelly, O. P. B. Herder Book Company, St. Louis. \$2.50 Net.

The Fourth Volume of Father Skelly's *Conferences on the Interior Life* is in many respects the most interesting of the series. In it the au-



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thor takes up the subject of "Infused Contemplation," which had been left incomplete in the Third Volume, and proceeds to the classification of its various degrees from "The Prayer of Passive Recollection" to the highest types of mystical union of the soul with God.

There are some, of course, who feel no call to the mystical life and for these the work will have no appeal beyond that of a pious curiosity. But to those who feel even the rudiments of desire for this supreme grace granted by God to souls who still wear the cloak of flesh, perhaps even more to these beginners than to those who have travelled further on the strange path of mystical experience, Father Skelly's writing will have a fascination difficult to resist.

To be united to God in the highest degree possible, short of the Beatific Vision as it awaits the faithful in Heaven, is a prize so great that none who even remotely realize its meaning can fail to have his spirit stirred by the possibility.

Father Skelly's work is one of the clearest and most concise known to the reviewer on this profound subject and should find a large public.

SOME CATHOLIC NOVELISTS. By Patrick Braybrooke, F.R.S.L. The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, Wis. \$2.00.

Some Catholic Novelists is an important work in that it is the first of its kind, so far as the reviewer knows, that deals with the more eminent of contemporary Catholic writ-

ers purely from their significance as novelists. We have here gathered together seven essays on the art of narrative as exemplified by G. K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, John Ayscough, Robert Hugh Benson, Sir Philip Gibbs, Sheila Kaye-Smith and Catherine Tynan, and from these it is possible to gain something like a bird's-eye view of the fiction that is being produced by the great Catholic revival of today.

The author is an exceedingly keen critic and obviously writes *con amore*, one feels the infection of his enthusiasm, especially in his treatment of "The Peculiar Novels of G. K. Chesterton," an infection that is very pleasantly compelling. The book should be widely read.

SAINTS BY FIRELIGHT. By Vera Barclay. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.75.

Vera Barclay's *Saints by Firelight* contains the stories of a number of the most popular saints, whose names have become the family possessions of the faithful, the true counterpart of legends on which generations of Christian children have been nourished. The author tells us that she has introduced the word *firelight* because some of the stories were actually told by her by *firelight* and the form of that simple telling had been preserved in the printed page.

The material for such a book is inevitably old and familiar, but the author has introduced a lively sense of the time and environment of each of her heroines, which should make the volume especially attractive to children, to whom all things are new.

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ELIZABETH SETON. By Madame De Barberey. Translated and adapted from the French by Rev. Joseph B. Code, M. A., St. B. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.50.

Elizabeth Seton requires no introduction to the American public, which knows very well her great work here and the fact that her cause is now being considered by a tribunal in Rome for canonization as the first native American saint. Yet this life of Mother Seton is a translation from the sixth edition of a French work by Madame De Barberey which, according to Father Code, the translator, takes precedence over all biographies of this remarkable woman.

Mother Seton was a convert to the Faith. She was of English descent.

THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA



THE FLOOD AT SUPU

By RAPHAEL VANCE, C. P.

JULY sixth will ever be a day of terrible memories for the people of Supu. The day was very warm. No sun shone and dark clouds hung low in the heavens. We felt something was wrong, very wrong. We longed for a shower, thinking it would relieve the sultry atmosphere, yet before the day was over we were praying that it would not rain, for an appalling flood was upon the city. At four o'clock in the afternoon I was called to look at the rivers. I hastened to the top of the house where I could view the two rivers that meet in front of the City of Supu. Immediately I saw there was more than a flood coming. Both rivers were black with debris and huge waves, about fifty feet apart, caused the water to rush along in a swift torrent. I hastened to the river bank, a block away from the mission, where I found the whole population out to watch the awesome sight, for never before had they witnessed such a scene. There was a terrific current about thirty feet wide in each river, within which the wreckage was swept along.

Every conceivable shape and variety of article rushed past us with incredible swiftness. There were thatched straw roofs, logs and trees, boxes and buckets, coffins and temple drums and idols of every size, shape and color. Ducks and geese in flocks perched perilously on the floating wood; now and then a water buffalo, struggling in the current, was whirled past. It was heart-rending beyond words to see men, women and children float past clinging to a log and crying out in terror to us to save them. It would have been as easy to stop the Niagara as to stem that flood and save the poor people being swept on to destruction. Several soldiers, trying to salvage some of the worthwhile things, were pulled into the water before my eyes and washed along. I could only breathe a prayer that further down the river these unfortunates might be pulled in before darkness came and they reached the rapids where they surely would be dashed on the rocks. For two hours I watched this harrowing scene, made all the more dreadful as there was no way of sav-

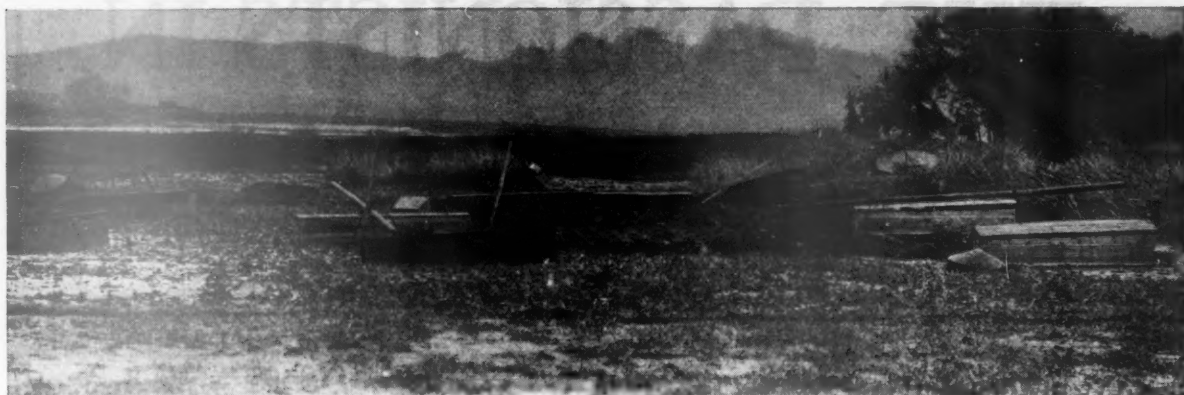
ing those who were being carried to certain death.

As each huge wave swept past us the river rose and we had to run to a higher level. The water kept mounting and reached the street on which the Mission is situated. The town crier went through the streets striking his gong and calling the people to offer prayers and sacrifices to the gods for protection. Soon at each door joss sticks were lighted and paper money burned. "A great Dragon was moving about in the earth," the Chinese said, "and the lashing of his tail was causing the flood." As I hastened back to the Mission one old man remarked, "Truly, water is a more terrible enemy than fire." From what I saw of the Supu flood, I think there was much truth in his words.

Now, as the river continued to rise, the streets around the Mission thronged with agitated townsfolk. People were running in all directions, carrying bedding and boxes or leading pigs. Here and there a man hurried by with opium pipe and lamp.



Tan-Chao-Wan, Supu. The remains of the village. One hundred and ten houses destroyed and 130 persons killed.



Burying the dead found in the fields across the river from Supu after the flood.

Women called for their children, and tots, frightened by the excitement, cried for their parents who were lost in the crowded streets. People in the nearby houses carried their belongings to the second floor or garret of their homes or, pushing back the tiles, stacked up their bedding and clothes on the roof tops.

Dark night settled down on the city, and still the water rose. By eight o'clock the street in front of the Mission was a veritable river with a strong current carrying along chairs, tables, buckets and other household articles. Sitting at the Mission gate I was able to fish out a number of useful things. With the help of my flash-light I assisted the small boats and bamboo rafts that carried people and their goods away from the threatening waters. Added to the heat and gloomy atmosphere was the sickening stench of the refuse and filth from thousands of houses, borne along in the muddy water.

By ten o'clock that night the water was a foot deep in the compound and in the girls' school. With so many children on my hands, I was not a little worried. There is a second and third floor to the priest's house in Supu and we could take refuge there. Yet this same house was so old and shaky I feared that with a current playing about its foundation it might tumble down. Fortunately in the compound we had about fifty trees bought to make repairs. These I had tied together and thus a large raft was made. It we had to move this raft would be much safer than a boat. Besides, the small boats were at a premium, their owners asking two hundred dollars for the hire of one that would carry eight people.

At eleven thirty I heard the cries of some women at the side of the Mission compound. There was no gate there, so I hastened to climb the wall. On the other side were three women with four babies in their

arms, standing waist deep in water. They were bewildered and in their frightened and fatigued condition might easily have fallen and been drowned. My flash-light was indeed a ray of hope to them. Telling them to stay just where they were, I called the catechist and the cook and soon had a ladder over the wall. The catechist carried the tots up to me and I took them down into the compound. Soon the women were safe from immediate danger in the girls' school.

THE water continued to rise, but I knew the Sacred Heart and our patron Saints would keep us from harm. I promised to say Mass the next morning for this intention. All night the girls of the Mission kept up a perpetual rosary that the Mission and its inmates be spared. It was just five minutes after midnight that I noticed the water did not rise any higher. In an hour it had fallen about an inch. After another hour's watch I felt reassured that the danger was past, and retired for a little sleep.

Supu is the most level district in the whole Passionist Prefecture, so that a day or two of heavy rain will cause the rivers to rise and spread over the low lands. Twice in the month of June we had such a flood, but the rise in the water was gradual, there was no current and thus very little damage was done. This flood was quite different, both for the sudden rise in the rivers and the tremendous current of the water as it carried destruction and havoc along with it. Supu was a vast lake. From a distance the streets reminded me of the thoroughfares of Venice.

Next morning we learned that thirty houses in the city had collapsed and seven people had been killed. The rivers gradually subsided to almost normal, leaving in the streets and houses fully two feet of soft, slimy mud. In some of the higher spots of land around Supu the flood had not ruined the truck

gardens. But in the city itself there was a shortage of vegetables since, for several days, the farmers found it impossible to come in from the countryside to market. As the supply of rice diminished in the local grain shops, the price suddenly went up a dollar.

The Mission lost twenty bushels of rice when the flood came and destroyed the mill where our grain had been left for grinding. It was impossible for me to get word from my Mission stations as to how they fared in the disaster. In the afternoon it began to rain in torrents, and for two weeks this kept up, causing the rivers to rise again to the street level. After two weeks of rain we had a hot, sunny day. I decided to visit my out-stations to investigate the terrible rumors that had reached me about the destruction of life and property caused by the flood in the countryside.

It was almost impossible to cross the Supu River. The stone bridge had been destroyed and so I had to use a sampan to cross. To get to this "Sassy Susie," my mule, had to wade into mud up to her belly. Once across the river we had a hard time of it, for we had to plow through several feet of soft mud to Kiaokiang seven miles away. There was no trace of any road and as far as the eye could see everything was ruined and spoiled. The scalloped rice fields were perfectly leveled, the year's crop destroyed. Here and there a huge tree, root, trunk and branches had been carried by the flood, as a mere leaf in the winds, and deposited in rice fields.

LITTLE was left of the country homes but a few rafters, bereft of tiles, and inclined at a dangerous angle. Now and then we passed what had been an orange grove. Thousands of these trees were uprooted, their branches a mass of tangled straw, wood and clothes. In the branches of these trees the bodies of many of the dead were found. The summer heat of

120 in the sun made travel slow and very fatiguing. There was a nauseating stench from the corrupting bodies of animals and men. Now we came upon a dead hog or dog; again we turned away from the sight of the leg of an adult or the arm of a little child stuck up through the mud. The destruction and desolation were appalling: "Not a stone left upon a stone." The wailing that reached us as we passed through these little villages told us that besides being made paupers these unfortunates had lost those near and dear to them.

At Kiaokiang Mission I found that four hundred feet of the compound wall had been washed away. This wall was ten feet high and two feet wide, yet such was the current that beat upon it that even the foundation stones were washed away. When this wall collapsed it so shook a nearby house that a poor old woman who was on the roof lost her balance and was drowned. Had it not been for the protection this wall gave the church and priest's house these too would have been destroyed. In the Kiaokiang church and house the water ran six feet deep and ruined the sanctuary and altar rail, and the furniture in the priest's house. When the water was two feet deep in the church the catechist hastened in to save the vestments and other articles used for Divine service. Yet so quickly did the water rise that it was up to his neck when he tried to get the things out of the church. He had to leave them and swim out between the floating pews.

After the flood it took ten men five days to clean out the two feet of mud from the church. This job was greatly delayed and finished only with difficulty for after the second day's work in the mud, some chemical content in that yellow slime caused painful sores to break out on the men's legs. To repair the Kiaokiang wall and church, the priest's house and the catechist quarters will require three thousand dollars. A complete set of vestments must be purchased for Divine services.

FROM Kiaokiang I went to Hwakiao, five miles further on. All along the way it was the same sad scene—destruction, havoc and death. At Tichwang, five miles away, the flood had done its worst. It is simply beyond description. Though I took pictures of some of the heart-rending scenes, yet these are very imperfect and very small mosaics of the grim reality. You would have to see that flood and that destruction; you would have to hear the cries of the unfortunates carried to death, in those muddy and debris-laden waters; you would have to witness the aftermath of stark pov-

erty—thousands without food and only their tattered clothes upon their backs. Thousands of poor people wandered about, dazed at the destruction of all they owned and crushed with sorrow from the loss of their missing and dead relatives.

You would have to hear each individual's pitiful story, for each had his own terrible experience. One family of father, mother and three children, when the storm was upon them, climbed to the roof of their little home. Fearing lest the children might slip off the roof, the father got a rope and tied the legs of the children to those of their mother and himself. Their little hut gave way before the torrent and the family was found tied together, dead, caught in the branches of a huge tree ten miles away.

One of my Christians at Kiaokiang had a miraculous escape. Her house is situated on the bank of the river. Su Anna had her son and daughter with her when the storm and flood

came. Thinking it would be like former rises in the river they made their way to the roof. But the water rose to an unprecedented height and houses tumbled and were washed away all about them. They held on for dear life, for they were sitting in the water now, the wind blowing and the current growing stronger as the rain poured down on them. Anna told me she felt sure their end had come. Yet the storm and danger did not shake her faith. She promised three Masses if their lives were spared. Though they had to remain on the roof all night their little home held up and so they were saved.

As soon as Anna could travel into Supu she came and offered a dollar she had borrowed asking me to celebrate three Masses in thanksgiving. On my tour of the flood-affected territory I visited Anna's home. I find it hard to explain how this unsteady, wood shack, situated on the bank of the river in the midst of the swiftest current remained standing, when the



This is typical of what happened to the house near Father Raphael's Mission at Hwakiao, Supu.



Entrance to the church at Kiaoking, Supu, where the Compound Wall 400 feet in extent and 10 feet high was washed away.

large *Tsir Tang* Clan Meeting Temples built of brick and stone and a mile from the river were washed away. There might be a natural explanation, but the faith that moves mountains, it seems to me, had tamed the flood.

I might go on with the strange experiences I heard of Christian and pagan alike, as they crowded around me on my visit to the different hamlets eager to tell their part in the most terrible catastrophe that Supu ever knew. One beggar saw a piece of cloth sticking in the mud. On pulling this up he found a box of clothes and one hundred and ten dollars. A woman from Hwakiao had succeeded in getting twenty dollars, her whole fortune, out of her house before she was carried away in the current. After traveling on wreckage for nearly a hundred miles she was pulled out of the water by some soldiers. When they found she had money they robbed her and threw her in the river again.

ANOTHER story was of the widow Chang from Tichwang, who was carried down five li beyond Ta Kiang Ko and was rescued by a widower, Li. A week later the couple were happily married. At Kiaokiang a merchant, Li Yu Yuan, who owned a strong boat was able to pick up from the river over a hundred dollars' worth of logs. These were made fast to his sampan. He also saved twenty women from the torrent. But as night wore on and the flood rose

he realized the logs endangered the lives he had saved, so he willingly cut the logs loose rather than imperil the poor women he had rescued. The story of this good man was all over the town, every one praising him.

At Tichwang I think I really found out what caused this dreadful disaster. It was plain to be seen that

THE stories we have been printing about the disastrous floods in our mission district in China make their own appeal. We are fully aware of the pressing needs of charity at home, but may we ask those who can do so to give something, however small, to our missionaries in China for their poor people? If you cannot help in a material way, pray God to inspire others to help them!—Editor.

whole sides of the mountains had been torn away. In other words it was a landslide caused by a big cloudburst. The drops of rain were described to me as "big as your hand." Landslides and earthquakes are closely related processes of nature. We are told by those who have studied these phenomena, both in-

volve the slipping of unstable portions of the earth, and either may be the cause of the other. A stream silently working its way under a cliff paves the way for a landslide. Thus it is that the Chinese, noticing the outward marks of a landslide and not knowing what it really was, invented the story of the Dragon moving about in the earth—its tail causing the flood that often follows.

During my stay in Tichwang it was almost impossible to get anything to eat. Rice was very scarce, there were no chickens or eggs, and green peppers was the only vegetable available. This diet was typical of the towns in the stricken area. The property damages in Supu district I would put at \$10,000,000 at least in local currency. This does not include the loss of live stock, tools, personal belongings, and the almost complete destruction of this year's rice crop. Supu, one of the richest districts in western Hunan, has been made poor in a single day. It will take Supu at least ten years to recover. The Chinese say it will be fifty years before the old prosperity returns.

FROM personal investigation and with the help of the officials I am able to give some data as to the houses destroyed and lives lost in the principal places in the Supu district affected by the flood. Nearly sixteen hundred homes were washed away and over fourteen hundred persons were drowned. Besides the above numbers that are certain, there are numberless little houses throughout the countryside that were destroyed. The loss of life is put at over two thousand.

The aftermath of the flood is being felt now. People of all ages are dying of dysentery, cholera, typhoid and other diseases that always follow such unsanitary conditions, coupled with heat, impure water, lack of food and want of suitable vegetables. Winter is coming and the urgent need for help all the more pressing. During the months of July and August I used \$1,000 of famine relief money made available to me by our Right Reverend Prefect.

My afflicted people cannot help themselves. They turn to me in their dire want. My heart bleeds when I see such great suffering and am able to help so little. I in turn ask the readers of *THE SIGN* to come to my aid and the aid of the poor people of Supu. I am aware that many of our friends in America are having their own difficulties. Those who cannot help in a material way can pray God to inspire others to assist us. All can help by their fervent prayers for me and my mission that God may use the terrible flood of Supu to bring many to know and love His Sacred Heart.

IN PERILS OF WATERS

By LEO. J. BERARD, C. P.

A FEW stones had been removed from a wall, twelve feet high, and over this in a narrow sampan we rode to the rear of an Augustinian mission in the flooded city of Changteh, Hunan. In the main street the current was running past the mission over fifteen miles an hour so that the boatmen were unable to steer their craft through the front gate. On the way we had passed a village of refugees whose only shelters were mats stretched over bamboo poles. On an elevated knoll was an entire family with their ducks, pigs and all their earthly possessions. Boats and improvised rafts bumped and crowded one another on their way to safety.

"This reminds me," one of our party remarked as he stepped in through a window, "of something I heard a few years ago: 'If an American Catholic boy wants adventure, let him go on the foreign missions.' We're certainly getting our share of hazardous experiences. A few weeks ago we were riding with Japanese royalty on the 'Chichibu Maru'; now we are lucky to get a three-board boat to carry us to a dry spot."

He was right. On the second half of our trip from America to Hunan our adventures really began. It took us as long to go from Hankow to Shenchow, some few hundred miles, as it did to cover the ten thousand miles from New York to Shanghai. Though our passage across Tung Ting Lake was memorable, the rest of our journey held even greater hazards and almost cost us our lives.

A few days of sunshine came to Changteh and the river dropped noticeably. At the first opportunity we got our baggage aboard a river boat and started on the last lap to Shenchow. The second day out we stopped at Taoyuan long enough to say Mass. The following morning our boat was nosing into the powerful current and fighting the rapids that are common to the rivers of western Hunan. It was not a powerful steam engine that propelled us, nor a giant Diesel such as took us across the Pacific. There is not so much as an outboard motor to be found in the upper reaches of Yuan.

THE wind was not propitious, so our crew had to take the towing ropes ashore and pull. It was no easy task for the boat was heavy and the current strong. The river ran faster daily from an almost continual rain. Most of the way the trackers on the river bank tugged and wrestled against the current for every yard of

advance we made. Often they had to get down on hands and knees, straining forward inch by inch to hold the boat from being carried back. Now and again they had to give way and back up for a space until the helmsman could swing in to a sheltered inlet and give them a rest. Through one of the river's many rapids we battled an hour to go a hundred feet. Again and again we tried to win our way through, but again and again we were turned back. Then extra pullers came to the rescue and our boat cut safely through the churning waters.

At another rapid we had even greater difficulty. At a right angle bend of the river the pullers were far ahead, their ropes stretching directly

across the bend. Their path ran along a steep embankment. One of the men to save himself from falling let go of the rope. The added strain proved too much for the rest and all the trackers let go. We drifted back out of reach of the current. One of the boatmen attempted to swim the rapids with the rope in his mouth. He made a brave effort but in less than a minute he was holding on to the rope while some of the crew pulled him to the boat. Two of us reached down and drew him up on deck. A small boat came to our assistance and with three more pullers we passed on, winning another few hundred yards against the current.

THE next memorable event was our entrance into the prefecture of



Street scene at Kiaoing, Supu, after the flood. Here 70 houses were wrecked and 30 persons drowned.



Mission Compound at Kiaoking, Supu, after the flood.

Shenchow. Large, twin rocks, jutting out into the river, mark the approximate boundary line. We were in home territory. At Liulincha we made our first visit to a Passionist mission in China. Here Father Dunstan, C.P., who is in charge, joined our party.

For two days out of Liulincha we made slow but steady progress. Most of the time it was raining. Despite the downpour we were able to use our sail the second afternoon and make fifteen miles. At nightfall we were but ten miles away from Shenchow. A general spirit of joy prevailed for we were counting on our arrival there next day. However, as the evening wore on, the night got darker and the rain fell steadily. About nine or ten o'clock, out of the blackest night I have ever witnessed, came the faroff cries of some one. I could not tell whether it was a man, woman, or child. The sounds came closer and after a while a man appeared carrying a firebrand. He

wanted our crew to take care that our boat did not drift and crash other small boats tied up below ours.

This warning only served to increase our anxiety. But when the captain ordered more ropes to secure our vessel, we felt more at ease. Anxiety, however, began to tell in the actions of the veteran Fathers as the river rose rapidly. They knew what the flood waters could do and they feared for the safety of the boat. Their fears were to be justified. Father Timothy decided to stay up all night. I remained with him until after midnight and then retired.

I HAD been sleeping very soundly when I was awakened suddenly by some one tugging at my feet. At that moment came a crash. The boat heeled over to an angle of about forty-five degrees, then suddenly lurched to a dangerous pitch on the other side. I was thrown out of my bunk. Bewildered, I could not imagine what had happened. Cries of "Get out on deck quick!" brought me

to my senses. I blindly obeyed. Then came the explanation. The boat had broken away from its moorings and was spinning and twisting in the current downstream thirty miles an hour, gaining speed all the while. The last rope to break was the one fastened to the mast. Rather, the rope did not break but the mast snapped off at the deck of the boat. It was this that caused the lurch. Had the mast held the boat would have been drawn over on its side and none of us would have escaped. The boatmen put it in their own simple way: "You must have good hearts, for if the mast had not broken all of you would have been drowned."

In the upset, the boat poles rolled off and floated down river so that even had it been daylight we had nothing to keep us off the rocks. The roll of sail swung around into the water and had to be cut loose to prevent further damage. Darkness and dangerous rocks prevented us from making for the unseen shore. There were wild cries from our boatmen in the hope that a chance rowboat might come out and get our rope to tie it to something on the river bank. Our crew were shouting excitedly to one another. Two little boys alternately cried and prayed: "O Buddha, Buddha, save us!" We waited nervously, and for the most part silently, not knowing what to do in our state of helplessness. We prayed and trusted that somehow or other we would come out all right. If we did not smash upon the rocks before daylight our chances of getting ashore were good.

When the climax of excitement was over and we reached a calm stretch of the river we were asked to go inside to leave room on deck for the men to work. The deck outside and the flooring inside the cabin are composed of movable, fitted boards. Some of these in our cabin had been tossed around and had fallen to the hold of the boat. As I stepped into the cabin in the darkness I fell halfway into the hold. It would have been better had I fallen all the way. As it was, my elbow caught on one of the boards and wrenched my left shoulder, while my right leg struck the other side of the boat and bruised my knee. Because of my accident I did not fully appreciate our peril. My intense pain made me less keen to the danger that threatened.

For more than an hour we sped along in the darkness. At last a strong wind, blowing against the current hit our stern, helping us to maneuver into a little sheltered cove. Clinging to bushes and overhanging vines, we held the boat to the river bank. One of the boys climbed a few hundred yards up a hill and fastened a rope to the only tree in the vicinity. We offered many an act of

heartfelt thanksgiving to the good God. The pagan boatmen expressed aloud their gratitude to Buddha.

Stripped of mast, sail and poles our boat tugged at its moorings as the river steadily rose. There was a very real danger of marauders sweeping down from the mountains to that deserted spot where we lay, so we decided to walk the rest of the way to Shenchow. The distance is about twenty miles along the river. The river road, however, was under water and there was no other alternative but to take to the mountains. Only the Lord knows how far it is along that road, for no two natives approximated agreement when we inquired the distance from time to time. It was at least forty miles.

We breakfasted at four in the morning as a kind of sedative to our nervous stomachs. Five hours passed before plans were complete and a small boat procured to take us to the mountain road. We hoped by hard pushing to make Shenchow that night to be in the mission for Mass Sunday and to avoid the uninviting experience of camping out without shelter.

The route we took was anything but a road. From our idea of a road we expect that some mode of conveyance would be able to pass over it. But this so-called road was neither wide enough for an Austin, nor smooth enough for a bicycle. There were places where even a mule could not find footing. A goat might feel at home on it. At times one needed the skill of a tight-rope walker, at other times the daring of the Alpine climber, at all times the wind and endurance of a marathon runner. We had all of these, not from past training but from sheer necessity. There was no turning back, no other road, nothing to do but push ahead. It is not quite right to say that we walked. To me it seemed that at least three-fourths of the journey we were climbing up and down stone steps, laboring to the tops of mountains, then slipping and jolting down their sides.

FORTUNATELY it rained. Of course we got wet, but we perspired freely. Had the sun been out I'm afraid I would have melted away. Several times I got under a little mountain waterfall to cool off, regardless of clothing and shoes which were already dripping. At no place was the walking good. Water splashed down the stone steps, making them slippery. On the few level stretches mud came up over our shoe tops. Climbing some of the hills it was necessary at every step to scrape out a footing to keep from slipping back. Small trees, shrubbery or clumps of tall grass lent a helping hand, but demanded in return a toll of cut and thorn-scratched hands.

We came to a place where two

creeks joined. The road led first across one and then the other, but instead of a bridge the creek bed formed the road crossing. The water rushed down, a challenging menace to anyone who would dare to ford it. With great risk two of the Chinese boys waded across, feeling every inch of the way, for a false step into a hole might mean their death. They got a ladder on the other bank and stretched it across. On the rungs of the ladder we crawled across, while the rushing water below almost took our breath away.

At another place we had to walk along the ledge of a cliff. The ledge was not half a foot wide and slanted towards the creek below. Water seeping from the cliff side made the stone slippery. The prospect of falling into the creek where water dashed against great boulders did not help much to steady one's nerves. How we came through it all without the least mishap is due only to God's

care and watchfulness over us. We felt that He would not fail us. One thing is certain in my mind. There were things I did that day that I would not or could not do under other circumstances. Yet the Chinese people are doing this every day without accident and thinking nothing more of it than we do of a stroll on the boulevard. My shoulder gave me a little pain and I tried as much as possible to throw the burden to the other side. My bruised, right leg was causing me trouble and the jolt of jumping from rock to rock did it no good.

In the late afternoon we realized we could not go on in the dark. We had eaten nothing since dawn. At last we came to a little village and inquired about getting some refreshment. We were at the end of a hard luck lane and here was the turning point. The people whom we asked for food were Christians from our Shenchow mission. Not only did they



Side view of Father Raphael's Mission showing where part of 400-foot wall was washed away. To rebuild the wall will cost about \$2,000. It cost \$25 per foot to clean mud out of the church after flood.



Showing Tichwang, Supu, where 700 houses were destroyed and 800 people killed.

offer us the hospitality of their table but also entreated us to stay with them for the night. We gladly accepted the invitation. The rice they had been cooking for their supper was set before us. This, together with some vegetables, we ate with the greatest avidity. As we sat around an open fire drying our clothing and shoes, our hosts brought us warm water with which to bathe our feet. We sat talking for a while and then went off to bed. Of course the best in the poor house was ours. We were a little crowded but it was a thousand times better than sleeping out in a downpour of rain.

THE next morning we arose stiff and aching. I thought we needed just a little limbering up, but I found out that in my case the trouble was something more serious than over-exercised muscles. We watched the women of the house hull the rice for our breakfast. Perhaps it was done the same way five thousand years ago. A primitive mechanism run by a foot tread pounded the rice and broke the shell. Then with a dexterous shifting of the basket-like sieve, the light chaff flew out and the heavier rice remained in the sieve. We had fried home-cured ham added to our diet of the night before. The man of the house offered to show us the way into Shenchow and off we started.

I had heard much of Chinese hospitality, but hearing about it and experiencing it, especially under such conditions, are two altogether different things. I believe this incident has left a lasting impression on me in favor of these people. They have little but they give all; and their "all" is not computed so much in dollars and cents as in their faithful service and sacrifice.

PLEASE pray for our missionary priests and nuns. In these days of distress and discouragement they are asking for the continued intercessory prayers of The Sign readers.

The second day the road was less mountainous but much more muddy. A good part of the way we straddled the narrow embankments that separate the rice fields and regulate the flow of water from one to another. It was slippery walking and a slip would mean a mud bath. But it was a weary journey. My stiffness and aching were not of a kind that a night's rest and fifteen minutes' setting-up exercises will dispel. Now I literally forced myself to plod along, knowing that our journey's end was not far off.

ABOUT ten o'clock we came out again to the river bank. On the opposite shore, set on the peak of one of the hills, stood a shining white pagoda—a seven or eight story hexagonal tower keeping watch, as it were, over the river and the nearby mountain passes. I was told it was one of the towers of Shenchow and that the city was but a few miles farther up. Anything seemed endurable now.

Another two hours we toiled on, now along the river bank, now cutting through side street and back alley, then back to the river. We turned in to avoid the submerged portions of the river road, climbed stone walls, tramped through this garden and that orchard, always through mud or water.

SLIPPING quietly through the gate of the Shenchow mission and into the house we arrived in time to interrupt dinner. The reception given us was payment enough for our exciting trip. Several of the Fathers had come in a few days before expecting us long before the date of our arrival. We could read in their warm welcome their gratification and encouragement at seeing their forces augmented, to help them to carry on their work for the salvation of souls.

We were treated to an exceptionally good dinner and afterwards received the respects of all the Christians. Of course the one thing necessary for the occasion was firecrackers. From the number set off one night one might think they grew on every bush. The noise was deafening and at the same time music to our ears. While it is not our way of greeting, we could understand that it meant a hearty and enthusiastic welcome.

Fathers Quentin, C.P. and Basil, C.P. returned late in the afternoon. They had gone out with mules to meet us when the messenger we sent ahead told them of our approach. But in our dodging in and out through back yards they missed us on the road. After a time they inquired of people along the road and learned that we had passed some hours before so they retraced their steps. The people kept insisting on the fact that we were covered with mud, so that at least we made some impression on them even if it were not perhaps a favorable one. In the evening we sung a solemn "Te Deum" in thanksgiving for our safe arrival, all the congregation being present.

That night I went to bed expecting to be stiff and tired in the morning. Instead I stayed there for three days. A tight bandage on the leg and a plaster on the shoulder, together with a good long rest, was the needed remedy. After that I was myself again, none the worse for wear, and glad of the adventurous experience that introduced us into mission life.

TIME FOR A FAN

By EDWARD J. MCCARTHY, C. P.

IT is again fanning time in sleepy water-soaked Yuanchow. No matter where you look somebody is waving a fan. Saunter down the street any time of the day and you will see almost as many fans as there are people. Sallow, languid looking gentlemen strolling along leisurely, shriveled old men with bulging eyeballs, scarcely moving, short, fat business men squatting in front of their shops—all are swinging fans. Mothers are fanning half naked babies whose little bodies are covered with sores. Playing children call for a "time out" to cool and refresh themselves with their fans. The hollow-chested coolie drops his burden with a sigh of relief, sits down upon it and takes hold of anything to create a little breeze. A scholar, handling some pamphlets at a bookstand, has put his folding fan in his collar at the back of his neck. The cloth merchant sticks a fan into the top of his stocking before spreading his cloth out on the counter for a customer. The soldiers on guard at the city gate are ready to defend home and country with a gun and a fan.

PEEP into a restaurant along the line and don't be surprised to see the cook bending over the stove with chopsticks in one hand mixing the vegetables and meat and a fan in the other stirring up currents of air. At his feet squats an apprentice,

blowing up the fire in an earthenware furnace with a fan instead of a bellows. In the corner a restless baby is fanned to sleep by his sister. And if you enter for a cup of tea it is with a fan that the host will flap the dust off the table as he bids you welcome. Even the groggy opium smoker, stretched out on the bamboo mat in the back room, gives the fan a ride between puffs. The Chinese fans himself to sleep and the first thing in the morning reaches for a fan instead of a sweet.

Follow the crowd into church on a Sunday morning and you will find the devout Christians keeping the fans in rhythmic motion to the tempo of the sacred hymns. Come back in the evening for night prayers and those same old fans will be swinging during the entire service.

THE fan is the native's warm weather toy. In many respects it resembles your family's summer sport car. The only time it is not on the go is during sleeping hours or when it is being overhauled. The fan is favored with devoted, personal attention. It is forever being cleaned, repaired and decorated. A little rice-paste is applied to make the paper stick to the bamboo frame, a new band is wrapped around the handle to give a better grip, the edges are trimmed and the center reinforced, a few stitches are needed here and there. All these improvements are

personally conducted, for every native is his own mechanic and doesn't trust anyone else to tamper with his plaything. As long as it gives him efficient service, he sees no reason for getting a new model each year. When the cool weather comes he places it carefully away in some corner and doesn't disturb it until the following summer.

Recently China had a record breaking flood that swept through a large part of Hunan. The swollen rivers overflowed their banks, submerging villages and cities, ruining rice crops, swallowing up many of the inhabitants and rendering many more homeless. Where were the fans during this terrible deluge that wrought such havoc to property and human lives? As the incessant down-pour of rain continued they were carried to higher and safer places. But now the sun shines bright on the old Yuanchow home and the fans are out again in full force.

THERE is something contagious about this fan pushing. If you have never tried it, you will have no rest until you give it a whirl. Come on and get in the breeze. Here's hoping that it appeals to you. Like straw hat time in America almost every shop except the butcher's has some on display. And what a variety! There are folding fans and the common palm-leaf fan, fans of silk, feathers, bamboo and paper; fans of



City of Supu. Taken on the second day of the flood when the waters were subsiding.

ivory and satin, mother-of-pearl, lacquered wood and silk. If you are particularly hard to please you may buy the material and have the satisfaction of using a home-made product. If you like plain rush leaf spade shape fans you may purchase one for a few coppers. The folding V-shape bamboo-paper combinations are a bit more expensive but they are worth it as the designs are much smarter and they are more convenient to carry around with you. There is an attractive hand-painted one over there. A glance at the river scene with the emerald green grass growing down to the water's edge has a cooling effect. Whatever you do, don't let the proprietor know that you have taken a fancy to it or the price will go up like a balloon from a cut string. Ask to see some of the others and in passing show him a little flaw in the workmanship and you will get it for thirty-nine cents.

The next thing on the program is to learn the knack of opening and closing the fan with one hand, a trick all the Chinese delight in performing. In a jiffy they can open and close it with one hand like a musician running his fingers across the strings of his violin. But please don't get the idea that every Chinese is a Fritz Kreisler. There is another explanation. Most of the natives are skilful card players. Now let us see you run your fan. It is a slow, steady, graceful motion of the wrist only. One-two, three-four, one-two, three-four. That's fine. You'll soon be able to get a license. But I'm afraid that you will soon tire of the exercise.

I must confess openly and shamelessly that I am an utter failure at the fan game. It is difficult to teach an old dog new tricks. I have tried time and time again, but I must still wear the dunce's hat. This fan waving makes me nervous and jumpy. With each succeeding swing I increase my speed until I acquire a glistening mask of perspiration from the exertion. And when I quit I feel suffocated.

But a Chinese can swing on and on, never tiring and always getting a good circulation of air with little effort. It is something that he has been doing since he first learned to use chopsticks. It is something that his father, grandfather and great-grandfather's father did before him. He knows nothing about an electric fan. He has no Tanglefoot for his flies, no Flit for his mosquitoes, no Frigidaire for his vegetables and meat. Give him a fan operated by his own human hand and he is satisfied. I can get along without an electric fan, without Tanglefoot, without Flit. I don't mind these scissor-grinding insects sharing my meals

with me as long as they are reasonable and don't sing too loud, nor sting me on the nose nor take too much of my dessert. If they break one of these rules, my fan is always ready and down it comes with a Tilden stroke to break their backs. However, the fan will never take the place of the Frigidaire in my life. Here is the reason.

SOME time ago I called on a Christian family. I did not have to be a clairvoyant gazing into a crystal ball to know why all were less jovial than usual. On the floor of the dining room, stretching from one wall to the other, was the carcass of a gigantic buffalo that had died the day before. The head and legs had been severed from the body and the dogs were enjoying a rare treat of buffalo meat, licking up the blood and diving into the head. Somehow or other, the family got the idea that I was tremendously interested in the beast. For a half hour they talked about that buffalo—his pedigree, his strong neck, his sturdy pulling for plowing and cultivating the fields, his instinct to do the right thing at the right time. What a buffalo he must have been. Four weeks later I was invited to dine with this family. A special spread had been prepared in my honor, I was told. Strange as it seems, I had my first and only beef steak in the interior of China, a generous portion of that dear good old buffalo who had passed away a month before. Is it any wonder that every time the cook sends out pork in this hot weather I wonder just how long the pig has been dead?

Fanning is no more my idea of an outdoor sport than it is my idea of an indoor pastime. I prefer swimming to fanning. I always did. Now a dip in the Yuan River is part of my afternoon program. The people on West Street, the street leading from the mission to the river, know when it is five o'clock, for at that hour they are sure to see the foreigner with the sunburned beard, straw hat and umbrella strolling along with a crowd of lively howling boys tagging after him. They all know that the brownies and I are on the way to the river to swim. Yet without fail they will ask, "Are you going to take your bath?" They cannot imagine anyone going to the river to cool off or to enjoy a dip. The thought uppermost in their mind is, "What have you got a fan for?" Occasionally one or two of the townsfolk follow us to the river bank and then we play to the grandstand. We put the best fins forward and indulge in a few aquatic sports that bring laughter and applause from the beach. A hat with two folds of cloth is part of my bathing suit. Not to wear it would be suicide, for even

at this hour the sun is blinding and merciless. But to the Chinese who can stand out in the open with the sizzling sun beating on his shaved head and with no protection but a fan, the cap is ridiculous. As a rule the water is lukewarm and a bit muddy and you could fry eggs on the blistering stones of the beach. However, we have the big advantage of running and jumping as we please without fear of cutting our feet on broken bottles or sardine tins.

Now and then we get an extra thrill. One day Johnny was the first in the water, but he hasn't been the first since. With that typical boyish forgetfulness of everything except to get his feet off the scorching stones he undressed in half a minute, took a running dive into the river, tried to touch bottom and discovered he was out beyond his depth. He screamed for help and gulped down a mouthful of dirty water. There was nothing for me to do but plunge into the water, clothes and all, to bring him out. I felt as though I was worthy of a bosomful of medals from the magistrate for my service to the community when I came back with the dripping, blue-lipped, frightened Johnny. But what a reception I got! The boys roared laughing at the full dressed water-drenched volunteer life saver. On the way home I got the "ha ha" from giggling Chinese girls who thought I had fallen in the river. Even the pigs who were taking a sun and mud bath in the middle of the street seemed to give me a mean grunt as I passed.

A FEW days later the boys learned a lesson without any preaching on my part. We were out for our daily plunge and got to the river in time to meet a heart-broken man who was the uncle of one of the boys in our party. The old man with tears in his eyes and with a dry, husky voice told us that he had just recovered the body of his oldest son who had been drowned two days before. Close by was the corpse. The boys pulled away in horror at the sight and stench. The lads needed more than a scout master to get them in to swim that day. They were not the usual joyous, laughing, noisy, happy-go-lucky crowd and avoided the deep water like they keep away from smallpox. Some amused themselves by poking tree branches at the lazy water buffaloes who had waded into the water until nothing but their foolish looking heads could be seen. Others took to fishing by dropping large stones on top of other stones that were submerged in a foot of water, and then looking underneath for the unconscious fish. But, I ask you, what was Johnny doing? You know. Sitting quietly, out of danger, swinging a fan.

Gemma's League of Prayer

GEMMA'S LEAGUE is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of intercessory and united prayer.

The Object: To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

The Methods: No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

Membership: The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. "The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer.

Obligations: It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly *spiritual society*. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are generous in their regular money con-



GEMMA GALGANI

tributions to the missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet is expected.

The Reward: One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle for their spiritual works of mercy.

The Patron: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Her "cause" has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

Headquarters: All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER

Masses Said	17
Masses Heard	37,647
Holy Communions	27,180
Visits to E. Sacrament	66,654
Spiritual Communions	107,468
Benediction Services	19,886
Sacrifices, Sufferings	240,163
Stations of the Cross	18,073
Visits to the Crucifix	32,604
Beads of the Five Wounds	28,620
Offerings of PP. Blood	187,854
Visits to Our Lady	34,926
Rosaries	133,375
Beads of the Seven Dolors	8,997
Ejaculatory Prayers	1,382,145
Hours of Study, Reading	28,132
Hours of Labor	92,014
Acts of Kindness, Charity	29,603
Acts of Zeal	36,726
Prayers, Devotions	482,458
Hours of Silence	28,619
Various Works	300,898
Holy Hours	116

+++ "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.) +++

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

REV. CLEMENT LEE, C. P.
REV. H. V. VAN WALLEGHEM
REV. E. J. MURPHY
REV. JOHN P. GORHAM
REV. GEORGE VOODLY
REV. CHARLES STEPLING
SR. M. HENRIETTA
SR. M. VERACUNDA
SR. M. ST. BENEDICT
DENIS A. MCCARTHY
MARGARET PORRAY
THOMAS J. BRACKEN
GEORGE J. MCCRUDDEN
MRS. M. C. HANNI
T. M. PYNE
W. L. McKENNA
MARY E. MAHONY
THOMAS MCKEOWN
ELIZABETH A. M. FOLEY
P. GALLAGHER
LENA MAYER
E. McGRATH
MRS. E. J. LEONARD
MARION FITZSIMMONS
MRS. M. KILCONNONS
ANASTASIA O'KEEFE
MARY ANN K. LEO
ALICE DEMPSEY

DR. ALFRED E. BULL
MICHAEL O'TOOLE
ELIZA LEE WHEELER
ALVIN McARTHUR
MRS. B. PEEHAN
LOUIS C. LAROSE
PETER W. HOLLMER
MARGARET B. HOLMER
MARY T. MacDONALD
MARY SCHAFFTZER
ROBERT C. MACKENZIE
MARY F. BERNER
ELLEN CRAMER
WILLIAM DUFFY
ELMIRA MARTIN
MRS. WILEY
MR. & MRS. NADLER
MARY A. KIERNAN
JOHN BIRLAND
DR. GERTRUDE LAWLER
LUCIA BERARDINE
MARGARET GRANAHAH
THOMAS CONROY
PETER JUNGELS
HENRY C. KOOP, JR.
MARY McGOVERN
J. W. GROVES
JOSEPH P. DALY
MRS. J. LANDERS
JOHN J. MORAN
THOMAS J. LYNCH
ELIZABETH MULDOWN
MARY A. TIGHE
DANIEL J. MULQUEEN
LUCILE B. RYAN
ELIZABETH McMAHON
JOHN F. GEERS
MARY F. GEERS

JOHN MURPHY
A. KOHLMAN
ELLEN DONOVAN
KATHERINE BUSH
DENIS KIELY
W. P. LEAR
ANNIE MURPHY
THOMAS CURLEY
WALTER S. McDONNELL
MRS. E. MUNCH
THOMAS J. LYNCH
MRS. T. SHERON
J. B. SCHAFFNER
DELLA DONOVAN
MARY VOLTZ
EDWARD J. O'MALLEY
MRS. J. HANSBURY
JOHN DEVEREAUX
MARY WHALEY
ANGELO ANZALONE
MARY O'BRIEN
ALICE FENNEL
TERESA HEALEY
JOHN CUDDIHY
J. EDWIN DUNN
ROBERT KELLY
MARY BRANAN
DANIEL S. ROOT
JOHN T. BARRY
MARY O'HEARN
JOSEPH McAGUE
HELEN THOMAS
MRS. J. McNAMARA
MARTHA CARPENTER
GEORGE OPPERTSHAUSER
FRANK SCHLEICHER
GEORGE BURNS
JOHN CAMPBELL

LEO P. McANDREWS
CATHERINE M. DOOGAN
WILLIAM DOOGAN
WILLIAM ROTH
CATHERINE CONWAY
BERNARD WESSLING
MARY VON ATZINGEN
MARGARET L. McDONOUGH
ANNIE T. MURPHY
CATHERINE SCULLY
MICHAEL SCULLY
LOUIS ALVIN WALTKE
MRS. H. A. TALBOTT
JAMES F. WOODMENCEY
KATHERINE KEARNS
BARBARA E. TIGHE
MARY S. PITCHFORD
EDWARD MCCARROLL
JOHN HERMAN
DR. T. J. HANLON
ELIZABETH M. PRUSSEN
PATRICK LEXANE
WILLIAM A. PRICE
MRS. M. J. HARVEY
LAWRENCE P. McCLOSKEY

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

Who Will Die Tonight?

THOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows. I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship. Before I die I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have today in which to get ready. Tomorrow may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

LEGAL FORM FOR DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

I hereby give and bequeath to PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, a Society existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$) for the purpose of the Society as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, taking his receipt therefor within months after my demise.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this day of, 19

Signed Witness

Witness Witness

◀◀ Painless Giving ▶▶▶

A GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value; it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish. Address: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a Bank. It will be sent you by return mail!

Please write or print Name and Address very plain.

For Christ's Cause: 3 Suggestions

1 Readers of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comfort they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

MISSION NEEDS

2 Not only do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300 per year is required for the support of a student. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000, the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

STUDENT BURSES

3 It has been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

YOUR LAST WILL

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.



The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever remembrance you may care to make for their benefit.

YOUR COOPERATION SOLICITED!

Address: Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J.

Where Put our Money?

GET A LIFE INCOME HELP CHRIST'S CAUSE

You can't take it with you!
Will you hoard or spend it?
Give it away or make a
Will?
Why not buy Life
Annuities?

What is an Annuity Bond?

An Annuity Bond is a contract between Passionist Missions, Inc., and the holder of the Bond, who is called an Annuitant.

What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

What is the amount paid to the Annuitant?

The sum ranges from six to nine per cent interest on the amount of the gift given.

What determines the rate of interest?

The age of the Annuitant.

When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

When do payments cease?

On the death of the Annuitant.

If Bond is lost, do payments cease?

By no means. Payments are made regularly and promptly as long as the Annuitant lives.

What is the price of Annuity Bonds?

Five Hundred Dollars and upwards.

Are Liberty Bonds accepted?

Liberty Bonds, at their market value, are received in payment for Annuity Bonds, but not real estate or mortgages.

Can Annuity Bonds be sold by Annuitants?

No. An Annuity Bond has no market value.

How can I get an Annuity Bond?

Send to Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J., the sum you wish to give; also send full name, with date and year of birth.

What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

It is a duly authorized Catholic Missionary Society incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

What are its purposes?

Its purposes, for which it uses the gifts of Annuitants, are the education of young men for the priesthood, and the spread of the Faith through home and foreign missions.

What advantages have Annuity Bonds?

1. PERMANENCE: An Annuity Bond never requires reinvestment.
2. ABUNDANT YIELD: The rate of interest is the highest consistent with absolute safety.
3. SECURITY: Annuity Bonds are secured by the moral as well as financial backing of the Passionist Order.
4. FREEDOM FROM WORRY: Annuitants are relieved from the care of property in their old age; are saved from the temptation to invest their savings unwisely; and have the ease of mind obtained by the banishment of anxiety.
5. ECONOMY: There are no commissions, lawyers' fees or waste in legal contests.
6. STEADY INCOME: The income from Annuity Bonds does not decline.
7. CONTRIBUTION TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST: An Annuity Bond makes the Annuitant an active sharer in the missionary work of the Passionist Fathers in building up the Kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, and a perpetual benefactor of the Passionist Order, participating in many rich spiritual blessings.

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